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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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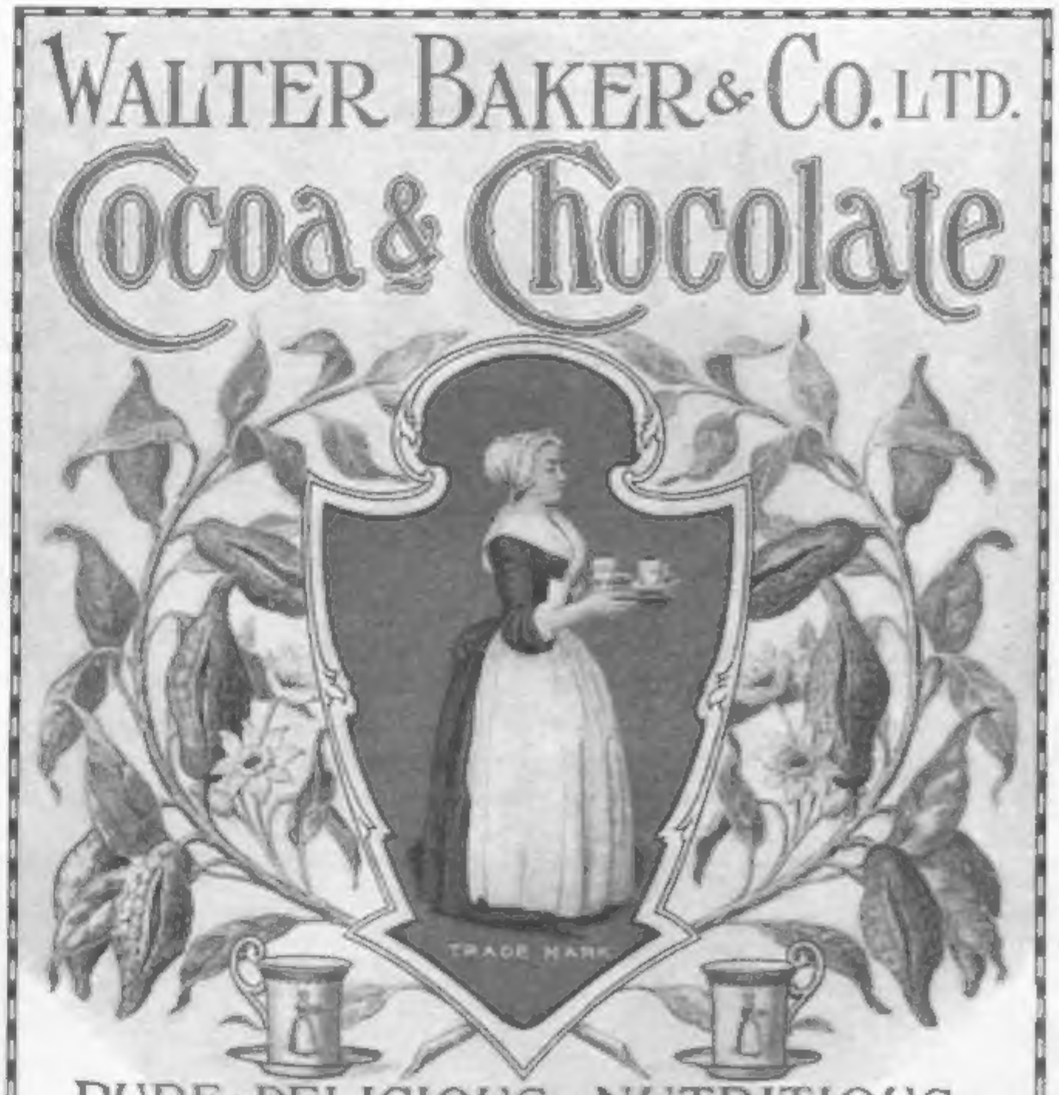

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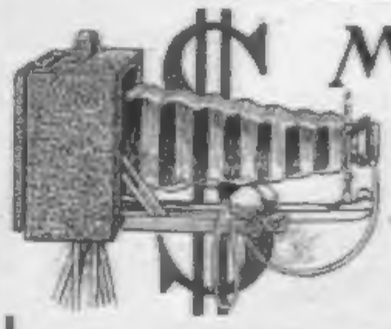

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The White Invasion of China

By Albert J. Beveridge

U. S. Senator from Indiana

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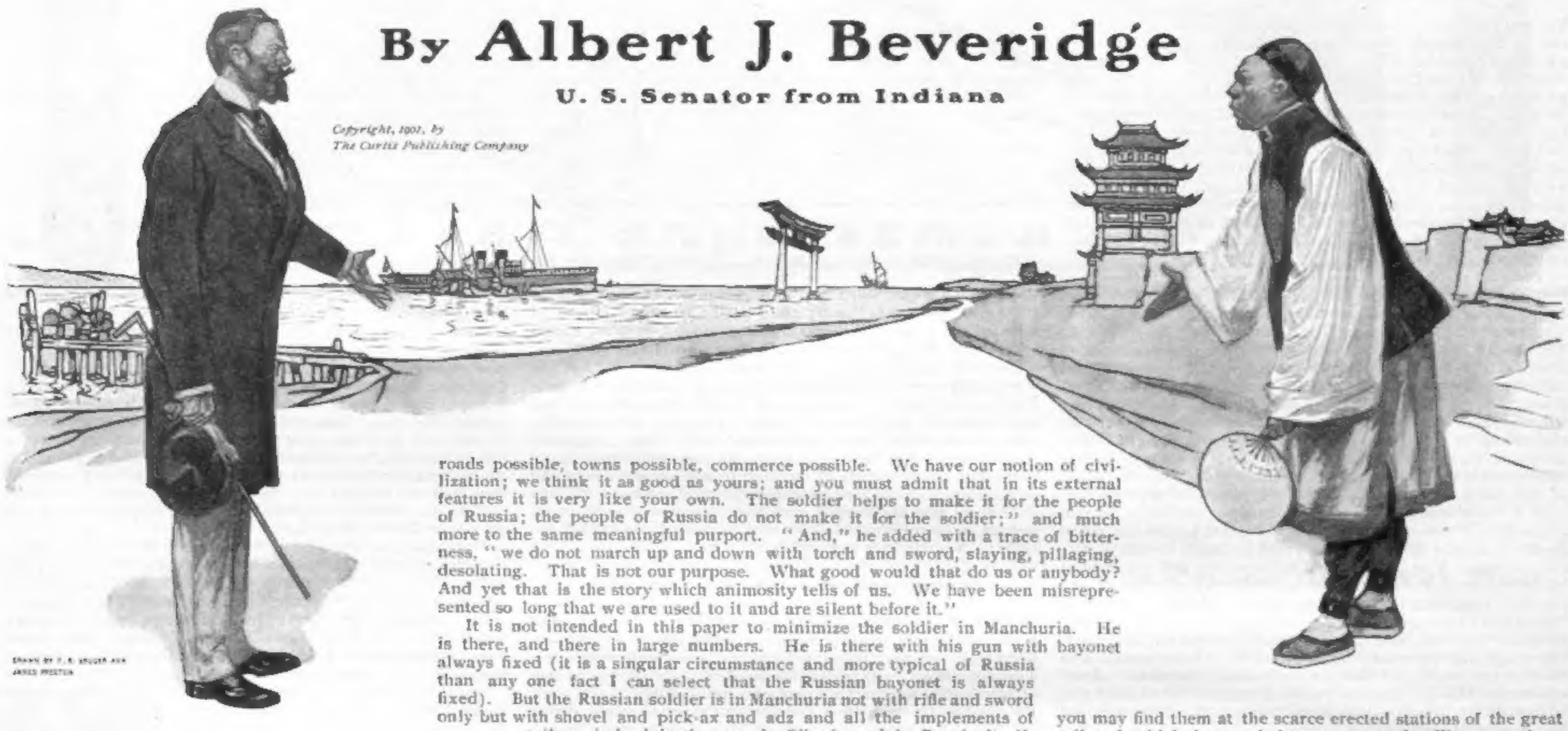


CEMENTING MANCHURIA TO THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

IT IS more than a hundred miles into Manchuria that you encounter this striking material evidence of the Russianization of Manchuria—a Russian town being built side by side with the decaying, germ-infected collection of hovels which compose the Chinese town. The residences of this Russian town are of wood perhaps, or brick or stone, as taste determines. They are pleasant to look upon, too. Indeed, the homes of merchant or miner or officer or even of mujik in Siberia or Manchuria are much handsomer than those in Russia. Generous verandas circle the home of a railway official; cool awnings of blue, shifting with the sun, protect these porches from its rays. Young trees are planted along the new-made streets. Occasionally a block is reserved for a miniature park and, again, there are trees fresh planted and the color and fragrance of flowers. This is the order, the loveliness, the system, the cleanliness which Russia in Manchuria is building side by side with Chinese aggregations of corruption, disease, disorder and all unsightliness. If the Russian is uncivilized, as it has been the fashion to declare, at least in Manchuria he is erecting precisely those very things which, in America, we look upon as the results and proofs of civilization.

You go into the Chinese town and ask for food. It is there in abundance—but you will not eat it. There is nothing familiar, nothing appetizing, nothing that suggests the food products of America. But you will find a European restaurant in the Russian town, and there you may have what you like; quite as much indeed as you can get in an American town of ten times its size—bread made from American flour, American sugar-cured ham, American canned fruits from the Pacific Coast, and so forth. If you will go up the street to the Russian store you will find American salmon from the Columbia, American canned meats from the Central West, and American condensed milk and cream from Illinois.

The Czar's Army of Civilizers

Clearly, American trade in Manchuria does not seem to have been injured as yet by this Russian invasion. If conditions could only continue as to the American commercial observer they present themselves at present, none of us could find cause for commercial alarm at the sight of the Russian flag in Manchuria. For it appears to the observer who has in mind America's commercial interests that, for the moment at least, American markets have been increased by the forward movement of the Muscovite in Asia. It does not accord with our former notion, of course, but there is the fact, and it is from facts that we must reason to theories and not from theories that we must reason to facts. It is a fact deceptive perhaps and misleading, and therefore after a while it might be very well to take it up again and see just what it means.

"Why should you be astonished at these signs of our peaceful activity?" said a Russian officer. "Why, man! peaceful activity is what we are after. Our soldiers clear the way for our families; they create conditions which make good roads possible, towns possible, commerce possible. We have our notion of civilization; we think it as good as yours; and you must admit that in its external features it is very like your own. The soldier helps to make it for the people of Russia; the people of Russia do not make it for the soldier;" and much more to the same meaningful purport. "And," he added with a trace of bitterness, "we do not march up and down with torch and sword, slaying, pillaging, desolating. That is not our purpose. What good would that do us or anybody? And yet that is the story which animosity tells of us. We have been misrepresented so long that we are used to it and are silent before it."

It is not intended in this paper to minimize the soldier in Manchuria. He is there, and there in large numbers. He is there with his gun with bayonet always fixed (it is a singular circumstance and more typical of Russia than any one fact I can select that the Russian bayonet is always fixed). But the Russian soldier is in Manchuria not with rifle and sword only but with shovel and pick-ax and adz and all the implements of toil, as indeed is the case in Siberia and in Russia itself. For the Russian soldier is more of a laboring man, after all, than he is a military man. He digs and builds and plants far more than he fights. Russian soldiers were seen digging a drain on the grounds of the superb museum which Grodekoff has erected at Khabaroff.

Yes, the soldier is there and his bayonet is there and the shot which means death is there. But though all these are present in Manchuria, they are, combined, but the single crimson thread of the fabric of empire which Russia is weaving throughout that mighty dominion. The martial note is not dominant. The sound of hammer and saw, the grating swish of the mixing mortar, the click of mason's trowel on bricks of rapidly rising walls, the drone of the saw and the drum of hammer from one end of Manchuria to another—these are the sounds which greet and soothe and reassure you.

Again and yet again you are impressed with this—the Russian soldier in Manchuria is a laboring man first and a military man afterward. It is an item not to be overlooked. Indeed, the Russian soldier must be most carefully considered by those who are estimating the forces influencing the world at present. No toil is too heavy for him; no hardship is to him a hardship at all. He will fell trees, excavate ditches, build houses with the same good humor with which he will go into action where wounds and death are his sure reward.

Empire-Builders in Railway Uniform

In Manchuria there are three classes of the Russian soldier; the Cossack first, then the railway guard, and then numbers of that host of which the Russian army is composed, the common soldier of the Empire. The railway guards are of first importance in this paper because they are the second visible instrument of the Russianization of this dominion, the first visible instrument being of course the railway itself. But, having the railway, it becomes necessary to guard it, and that, not for to-day or to-morrow, but so long as danger exists; and of the existence or probability of danger to her investment Russia herself, of course, must be the judge.

Therefore in Manchuria there are tens of thousands of railway guards. In certain particulars they are picked men. To a man, they are large men physically; almost to a man, they are below thirty years of age. Man for man, they are of higher intelligence and greater stability than either Cossack or common soldier, and without exception share with Cossack and common soldier an indifference to danger and death. All soldier each of them, and yet all farmer each of them, and by the same token men of all work at your service, are these permanent makers of empire. Every man of them who is married has his wife with him and his children and all his earthly possessions. Every man who is not married is thinking of getting married; and one cannot resist the feeling that in its unseen and tactful way the Government is encouraging each bachelor guard who sentinels the railway in Manchuria to take to himself one of those round-cheeked, broad-backed, deep-breasted peasant girls of Russia.

The Russian women in the interior of Manchuria are wives of those hearty, wholesome-looking, bearded giants, the railway guards. One hundred and thirty-six versts in the interior you may find them at the scarce erected stations of the great railroad which is now being constructed. They are there selling milk or melons or berries or quass (a delightful non-intoxicating Russian drink made out of black bread). So far have Russian and Siberian conditions reproduced themselves in Manchuria that the only difference you can observe at a railway station is the unfinished nature of the road and the increasing number of Coreans and Chinese.

For the Russian peasant is there, as he is in Western Siberia; and the Russian peasant's wife is there, as she is in Siberia; and the little white-haired children with the pale blue eye of the Slav are there, as they are in Siberia. And, as in Siberia and Russia, the little girls from eight to twelve are universally carrying in their arms infant brothers and sisters of as many months or even weeks. For Russian children are being born in Manchuria. And the land where a people's dead are buried, where a people's children are born, becomes, to that people, sacred soil. Russian homes, not for railway official only, but for the peasant guard are springing up throughout Manchuria. Russian fields are being languidly cultivated by Russian hands. It is all quite "temporary," of course; you can read it for yourself in the treaty. And besides, the railway guard's term of enlistment, or rather his contract, is for only five years. But the Slav root strikes quickly into new soil.

And so it is that, gradually, naturally, plausibly, with that appearance of good faith (and who shall say in any case that it is not good faith in fact?)—the master mind, who has planned this most extraordinary conquest of territory in the history of the world, has provided the elements of permanent occupation and unbreakable control, should that course later appear to be dictated by events. For your Russian statesman is a great consultor of events; and so is every public man who deserves that large title—statesman.

Colonists in the Place of Land Pirates

The land occupied by the Manchurian railway guards and their families is only, so far as I could find, along the northeastern and northwestern portions of the railway. It was vacant land. There is no external evidence of its ever before having been occupied. A gentleman connected with the Chinese telegraph service and familiar with every foot of Manchuria, told me that many tens of thousands of acres of fertile land in Manchuria had not been occupied within his recollection, and his personal observation extended back over a period of forty years. It is a strange phenomenon. But one explanation exists—and that only partially accounts for it. That explanation is that all eastern and northeastern Manchuria was so terrorized by the robber bands which for more than a century have had free hand there, that the farmer and trader and merchant abandoned the soil. In lower Manchuria the robbers have licensed commerce so as not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs for them, as their unrestrained outrages did in the territory now referred to. It is on this land, from which the inhabitants have been driven by fear, that you may find the families of the Russian railway guard established. "How much land do each of you have?" was asked of one of them.

"All we can use; and why not? this is nobody's land."

And it is so. One of the most beautiful valleys within the length and breadth of Manchuria was found to be utterly uninhabited and with little trace that it had ever been inhabited. And yet that valley is a natural granary. Climate and soil make it equal, for agricultural purposes, to any part of the United States, and its charming frame of mountains, which, when you reach them, you find to rise abruptly from the level plain, gives to this natural home of industry an engaging and varied beauty.

An American Monument to Russian Progress

We are now about one hundred and fifty miles into the interior of Manchuria. We find it rapidly undergoing the same process with which we in the Philippines are, with so much difficulty, engaged; with which Germany in Shan-Tung, with so much outlay of wealth, is engaged; with which England in South Africa is engaged with blood and bayonet and burning villages and conquering hosts and ruinous expenditure and with dissolving prestige. We are one hundred and fifty miles into Manchuria, which is being Russianized under our very eyes; and the soldier appears, as yet, to be the least important instrument of dominion. Thus far the Russian elements of empire seem to be brick and mortar, shovel and wagon, quarry and wall, houses and homes, women and children, order and system.

And now piled up by the side of the temporary track—(one hundred and fifty miles into the interior, mind you)—you behold another Russian element of empire. It is a great white monument covered with canvas. It is important that you should know what this is, for the trained observer soon acquires the instinctive understanding that things vital and full of meaning must be looked for in the incidental and occasional. Some Chinamen, at an officer's request, remove the canvas which conceals this great pile, and you find that this monument of Russian progress in Manchuria is built of five thousand sacks of American flour. It is a strange feeling which steals over you when you read on the sacks the name of the mills and the name of the State—"Washington, U. S. A."—a strange feeling and a sense of confusion, for you are in Manchuria—that forbidden land, that region concealed from the eyes of the rest of the world by black clouds of terrible rumor. You are in Manchuria, where you have been told that Russia is building her authority with the bones and skulls of a murdered population, riveted and held in place by chains and bayonets and rifles. But you have beheld nothing, thus far, but peace and industry; and perhaps an idea steals imperceptibly over your mind that you have been mistaken in your understanding of Russian methods of expansion. At all events one thought repeats itself in your mind whether you will or no, and that thought is that here, with all the outward necessaries of civilized life about you, among which are five thousand sacks of American flour from Washington, U. S. A., you stand in perfect security, where ten years ago you would have been instantly and surely murdered by bands of brigands.

One Hundred Thousand Boxers on a Strike

Chinese workingmen are building the railroad. There are hundreds of them, thousands of them, tens of thousands of them. They are busy constructing grades, not with horses and scrapers and all of our modern labor-saving devices, but with each man bearing two baskets of earth (each basket at the end of a bamboo pole across his shoulders) from where it is dug in the cut to where it is emptied on the fill. These Chinese laborers look good-humored; they appear well fed; they give all the evidences of happiness and contentment. They laugh at you, shout at you, joke with you, say things to you rough and unrepeatable, but quite as kindly and of the same character as you might hear from men building a railroad anywhere in America.

They are at work on buildings, too. Excellent masons they make; and above all, superb stone-cutters. In this occupation their patience is invaluable. You cannot imagine how independent they are. The railroad company experienced a serious difficulty at one time because the Chinese laborers struck. These laborers are paid eighty copecks a day in winter and sixty copecks a day in summer (two copecks make a cent of our money). Such wages were never heard of before in this or indeed any portion of China. It is many, many times the pay of the Russian ordinary common soldier and almost equals the pay of the Russian-Manchurian railway guard. It was too heavy a drain upon the railway resources, and this summer the company attempted to reduce the wages to forty copecks a day. One hundred thousand Chinamen and more instantly quit work. The alternative was presented to the Government of restoring the former and exorbitant wages or abandoning work upon the road. The men won, the wages were restored and work was resumed. Astonishing, is it not? We all thought that the currency paid Chinamen by Russians for enforced labor was lash on back, and that disobedience was met with chains and muskets, yet a strike of Chinese laborers in Manchuria was successful.

All of these Chinese laborers, as before remarked, seemed contented and happy. They were found, among other things, building a church in the new town of Hmanpo, two hundred miles into Manchuria. And these same men, only a year ago, were Boxers, frenzied fanatics, butchering without mercy man, woman and child, slaying even their own kind who refused them active aid. It is a method worth considering—that of changing these furies, these demons (for such only twelve months before they were) into peaceful and happy laborers not only pleased with their lot but rejoicing in it.

What, then, is that method? It is the simple and traditional method of Russia to strike when you strike, and to spare not when you are striking. It is to wage war while war exists and to employ the methods of peace only when war is over. The great Skobeleff at Goek Tepe refused to accept the surrender of the heroic Tepens, who had terrorized Central Asia for a thousand years; and he slaughtered more than 20,000 men, women and children in a single day. It seemed quite terrible, but it is hard to see that it is any more terrible to destroy 20,000 men, women and children in twenty-four hours and secure peace for all time, than it is to destroy that number during twenty-four years, and in the process increase the irritation, the disorder and the feud. From the red day of Goek Tepe to this hour, system, order, law, safety to traveler, security of commerce and all of those things which go to make up civilization have existed in Central Asia, as firmly guarded as they are in the United States.

And so in Manchuria, when the great Boxer uprising began (and it began in Manchuria with the historic attack on Blagovestchensk), the smiling Russian with his mild blue eye and his kindly bearing became, in truth, what rumor pictures him to the Anglo-Saxon world—a man of the sword and of blood. Russia was caught unprepared. The frontier towns which bordered Manchuria and the Amur were practically defenseless. Hundreds of Russians were slain. The diabolism of some of the massacres does not admit of description. But Grodekoff at Khabaroff and Alexeff at Port Arthur poured every available man into Manchuria. It was fire and sword and death. It was war. There were no attempts to deal with murderers by peaceful means. There were no attempts to pacify or cajole while villages were burning. While the conditions of war lasted Russia waged war. And she waged no "milk and water" war; she waged a war of blood. And when she had finished it was finished indeed, just as, everywhere and always, Russia's task has been finished forever when once she has concluded a border conflict.

For it is worth the attention of all men, that when Russia has once inflicted her punishment there never has been any recurrence of insurrection. Where Russian law and order and system have been established they have remained, upheld not by the bayonets of the soldiers who established them, but by the hands of the very people among whom and against whose resistance they were planted. Among all the defects of her civilization, and there are many, very many, indeed, its virtues are striking and elemental; and one of the chief of these virtues is stability.

Boxers Who Have Become Church-Builders

And so in Manchuria thousands of men who bear on their forehead the scar which distinguishes the Boxer of the most ultra type (for the radical, determined, genuine fanatic wears a scar made by a cut in the forehead next to where the root of hair begins to grow) are now smiling, chaffing, happy, even jolly, laboring men upon the Russian railroad, constructors of Russian buildings, and, most striking of all in its antithesis, the builders even of a Russian church. For among the workingmen who were building this church at Hmanpo were several Boxers. They confessed it cheerfully. "Why not? Everybody did it!" said one young former Boxer to the interpreter. Oh, yes, everybody did it! Also, everybody knew, too, that they never would be Boxers again or anything else but the loyal adherents of Russia. They understand her now. They understand that she is not to be trifled with, and that whoever touches Russian authority with violent hands has seized the currents of certain death. And equally important they understand that with Russia, when war is over, it is over, and that a kindly treatment, as natural and unobtrusive and pleasing as if they and the Russians had always dwelt together, is the characteristic of Russia and the Russians in time of peace, as death without mercy is the characteristic of Russia and Russians in time of war.

For here again you are dazed by that phenomenon which startled you at Nikolsk and attracted your attention with less sharpness in Trans-Bakal Siberia: that Russian peasant and Chinese workingman and Corean laborer mingle together as though they were all of one race, one blood, one faith, and even of one nationality. It is a phenomenon to which attention will be called again and again because it is fundamental; because it is one of the profound elements of Russia's power in Asia, with its curious causes running far back into Russian history and character.

What the Greek Church is Doing

Great railways through the heart of Manchuria, with bridges which remind you, in their massiveness, of the structures of ancient Rome; with great grades and deep cuts; with buildings for engines and equipment solid as fortresses—all this looks as if Russia intends to remain in Manchuria (and by the same token, all of this appears to indicate that Russia thinks Manchuria quite valuable). Brick and stone buildings, homes of officials, cottages of peasants, the blond wives of a majority of the 40,000 railroad guards; the tow-headed children brought with their parents, and the still younger ones born on the soil of Manchuria itself—all these things indicate permanency of Russian occupation. And above all, Russian churches raising their semi-Oriental spires to heaven in the centre of every Russian town point to permanency of Russian occupation.

Let us not pass so hurriedly these Russian churches which former Boxers are building, not by compulsion but for wages, in Manchuria. For with the Russian church the Russian priest has arrived in Manchuria, too. He is not there in droves or flocks or communities of monks. He is there only very occasionally and very unobtrusively. He acts the part of the apostle of peace—and he looks the part. Clad in a long robe of black, his blond hair combed straight back from his forehead and falling in picturesque masses of yellow curls on his sombre-clad shoulders, his abundant golden beard covering half his breast, his mild blue eyes full of languid benevolence, the Russian priest in Manchuria is a circumstance as soothing as it is picturesque. He appears to be attending only to the orthodox Russian flock of his church. There is no irritating zeal for converts manifested by the priest which the national church of Russia sends to her frontier. He is in no feverish hurry to convert the heathen. It is not necessary for him to be in a hurry. Apparently he respects the religious opinions of those among whom he is placed as highly as he wishes them to respect his religious opinions. He is apparently very tolerant. A Mohammedan mosque does not offend the Russian priest; a Buddhist idol does not offend the Russian priest; a Chinese temple does not offend the Russian priest. Nothing apparently offends him. To the unconverted, to the followers of other religions, he is all consideration and courtesy and sweet agreeableness. Above all, he does not debate, contend, argue.

And yet the Russian church, with methods such as these, succeeds in gathering communities, provinces, tribes and peoples within her fold. It is done by the combined influence of those thousand incidentals, which united are so irresistible in human thought and feeling. The beautiful service of the Russian church, the semi-Oriental adoration of even the most highly educated and refined Russian worshiper, the unobtrusive kindliness of Russian priest toward the unbeliever, combined with a certain stately attitude of superiority—these and innumerable other circumstances create an atmosphere of gentle and reposeful and alluring Russian orthodoxy. Even the antagonism of the priests of other religions is lulled first into quiescence and then into actual friendliness.

Three hundred miles and more in the heart of Manchuria a converted Chinaman was met. He had become a member of the Russian orthodox church. He had cut off his queue; he wore his hair like a European, dressed like one and made the elaborate Russian sign of the Cross on greeting you. And you observe a striking fact on looking into this converted Chinaman's case—his Christianization has not made him unpopular with his fellows. And this fact, when followed up, reveals the most remarkable situation of which there is any record; for, *mirabile dictu!* the Chinese Buddhist priest at this particular place comes to the Russian orthodox priest and gives him the name of any Chinaman who prefers to embrace the Christian religion.

This was hard to believe, but careful inquiry apparently established the truth of it.

Here, then, is one clew to the secret of Russian success in "colonization." The apparent brotherhood of Russian peasant, soldier and officer with all classes of other nationalities, which we have twice noted, is another clew. The progress of actual, material improvement—buildings, streets, parks, roads, railways—is still another and a greater. The intelligent ruthlessness of Russian warfare when warfare must be waged is a still more important clew.

But the conduct of the church is even more enlightening. There is no preaching of the Gospel to these Asiatic pagans as you would preach it to New Englanders, any more than there are sentimental attempts to realize academic theories of government. There is nowhere profusion of words. There is everywhere profusion of deeds. There is the powerful teaching of example.

The Russian Colonists' Religion

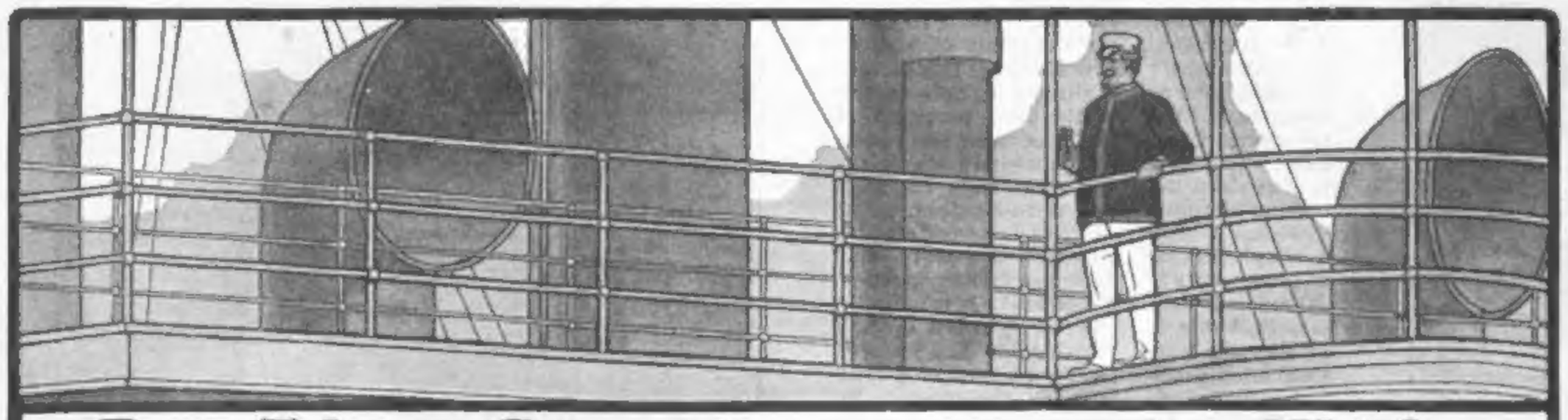
"You see," explained a Russian priest, "we Russianize and Christianize and, if you please, civilize, by natural processes and silent influences. After they have been taught that there will be no trifling with interference to our authority (and we never teach the lesson more than once) the people come gradually to like us. In our church affairs we do not offend the eye or ear or any of their elemental prejudices, and the church gradually becomes pleasing to them. In precisely the same way they soon get accustomed to our railway and are quick to catch its practical advantages. They find that if they are orderly and obedient to the common authority their treatment is precisely that of all the rest of us. And so gradually and by natural adaptation and adjustment they become what you would call Russianized."

It is a proper proportion in observing the Russianization of Manchuria to give much attention to the Russian church and the Russian priest and the Russian religion. For the Russian carries his church, his religion, his wife and his bayoneted rifle with him wherever he goes. It is idle to debate whether his religion is as genuine as yours. You certainly cannot answer the question whether it is a mere empty form or a profound fervor which each individual feels in common with the great race of which he is a unit. These refinements are not useful in observing the part it plays in the advance of Russian dominion; for, whatever its nature, it does the work expected of it. It is the centre of that social order which Russia begins to establish the very moment she lays the foundation of a building or surveys the line of a railroad. It is the centre from which radiates an indescribable but very real human gentleness, inferior to ours if you like to have it so, but so superior to that of the atrophied humanity of Asia as to seem a miracle. And for the Russian himself it is enough to say that at least he lives in its forms and observances, and in its articles he smilingly goes to his death.

Wherever Russian improvement may be seen in Manchuria there may be seen also the wooden Greek cross which Cossack and guard and common soldier have planted above their slain comrades. Wherever a Russian home has risen; wherever a telegraph office has been erected; wherever even the Cossack has builded his watch-tower, from which by day and night he sentinels the surrounding country; wherever a Russian is housed—there hangs the holy Eikon. And before that image of the Saviour every Russian—noble or peasant, general or common soldier, governor or servant—bows his head and makes the holy sign. For the Prince of Peace, wherever the sons of Russia have raised the Empire's flag, is acknowledged Lord of all, even by the Czar himself. We Protestants may sneer and call it idolatry, but it has a certain carrying and sustaining power, which bears the Russian up in his most desperate trials and repels not the strange people among whom he plants his law, his authority and his faith.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Senator Beveridge's papers on the political and commercial situation in the Far East.

Schley as a Woman Sees Him



By The Congressman's Wife

WHEN Oliver Hazard Perry sent his famous message to the American people after the battle of Lake Erie, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," little did he dream in his young enthusiasm that criticism, which always "strips a tree of caterpillars and flowers together," would endeavor to strip his glory from him, and not only to strip his glory from him but to leave him if possible naked and ashamed. But in that early day of our history, when our Navy was young and our strength was young, victories were too precious to the modest, new-fledged nation to risk any belittlement. So the powers that were turned a proud ear away from the creeping slander which, like a slug, if it did not kill the tree outright, would leave a slime over what it touched, and young Perry was given a vote of thanks by Congress along with a medal of honor and a Captaincy. The country gave him its undying admiration and gratitude. And to-day, after eighty-eight years, what is left of that creeping slander? Search as one may through encyclopædias and history, no record and scarcely even a hint is given of anything but the glory of Perry's victory.

And after eighty-eight years this seemingly parallel case of Admiral Schley's made the onlooker who watched, day after day, from one of the very hard little wooden folding-chairs which surrounded the holy of holies of the Court itself, wonder why it was that the powers that be should not have crushed out this same little slug when it first began to creep and crawl over the splendid achievement of July 3, 1898, and which is leaving its trail, just as it tried to do eighty-eight years ago, upon everything it touches—upon the officers who fought the battle, upon the men behind the guns, upon the Navy Department, and upon every honest-hearted American who looked on with strained nerves and tingling blood.

Admiral Schley the Spectators' Hero

Is it possible that our victories are less precious to us than they were eighty-eight years ago? that it is less necessary to preserve them from scandal than it was when the nation was young, modest and cared for its appearance before others?

Is the military principle that obtains with all nations and at all times and that has come down to us from remote ages, that what is successful in arms wipes the slate clean of all else, to be ignored or laid aside in this instance, for almost the first time in our history?

Cicero tells us that it is "a shameful thing to weary of inquiry when what we search for is excellent," and it must be this search for the excellent that kept the throngs of human beings struggling day by day for the bits of red pasteboard signed "Crawford," which admitted the fortunate possessors to the great, bare, empty, echoing gunners' workshop down at the Navy Yard, and to the inner space around the Court where the proceedings were held. Those who could not possess themselves of one of these magic red cards secured the visiting card of any one of the officers at the Yard or of any one connected with the Court, and thus armed, no placard pasted upon the walls, no barrier such even as the guards placed at the railings of the Court, had any staying power against their importunities.

The great, bare gunners' loft where the Court was held presented the dreariest, coldest, cruelest appearance. The comforts were almost nil and the acoustics entirely so. The great mass of spectators for the most part could neither see nor hear, and many of them in their eagerness to do both formed themselves, by means of a huge bit of unfinished machinery at the back of the hall, into a human pyramid that reached up to the white cheesecloth ceiling, or towered up in the window-sills, trying for a glimpse of "the Admiral."

Curiously enough, throughout all these proceedings, while our greatest Admiral presided over this Court, and his associates are scarcely less than he in public estimation, and Admirals were witnesses, and Admirals were daily visitors, it is none of these that was meant when the crowd wanted a glimpse of "the Admiral." They meant none other than "the Applicant." And when the Court began to assemble it was not the stylish turnout with its liveried man on the box and driven by the Admiral of the Navy himself that they loitered about for, nor was it the automobile which brought the Judge Advocate to the Court for which they lingered, nor yet the modest conveyances of the associate Admirals, but it was just the democratic, every-day street car that stopped before the old Navy Yard gate, from which stepped, in unpretending fashion, Admiral Schley, for whom they were watching and for whom they cheered.

There was humor in every phase of this Court, and in some phases the humor almost broadened to burlesque. But we know that humor, after all, is only one of the real tests of gravity, for as some one says, a subject that will not bear raillery is suspicious. So the Court of Inquiry was brimful of humor, from the Admirals themselves, the Applicant, the Judge Advocate and the counsel, and the throng of spectators beyond the rail who could not hear a blessed thing that was going on, down to the primitive china mugs with handles which circulated around during luncheon at recess, from Court to commoner, with equal impartiality, and from which the Court and the commoner alike imbibed strength and refreshment in the shape of coffee.

At these times of relaxation what could be more democratic and amusing than to see this whole vast gunners' loft converted in the twinkling of an eye from a rigid inquiry into a fellow-being's conduct into a sort of go-as-you-please scramble for sandwiches and mugs of coffee! Here inside the rail where erstwhile the Court had dealt with blood and battle it now, so to speak, had its military cap on the back of its head; and the log-book and the much-quarreled-over dispatches had given way to precious little bundles done up in tissue paper through which could be seen a section of pie or a toothsome bun.

The President of the Court, upon the fall of his gavel announcing adjournment, might be seen making valiant efforts to get away from importunate friends who would lean over the rail to grasp his hand, thus keeping him from his luncheon basket, brought from his country home by his own hands that morning and waiting for him in his retiring-room; and the Judge Advocate and his assistant, Lieutenant Ward, would be seen making three bites at a sandwich and many puffs at a cigarette.

And the Applicant himself, once released from his chair, where he had sat the livelong morning beside his counsel, would seem like a boy out of school. He would rise up, make a quick, nervous little shake at the lapels of his coat as though brushing off an imaginary accumulation of dust, or more likely as though throwing off in imagination the trail of the slug that he felt upon him, and with cheerful face in which there is always a glint of a quip or a jest he too would go in search of the ever-prevalent sandwich, which alas! nine times out of ten, he had no chance to eat, for as he would pass between the guards at the rail he would be fallen upon by the eager throng beyond, all wanting a word, or a grip of the hand, or to speak the staunch word of encouragement; and as the Applicant has never been known to pass any one, no matter how humble, without a genial word or two, his chance for refreshment during the recess was often most limited.

The Applicant Seen at Close Range

As he would pass along comment followed in his wake. If it took the form of warm approbation for his wonderful bearing and poise throughout this fiery ordeal, which was most often the case, the trail of the deadly slug would be seen in the retort that he was "playing to the galleries." If this extreme and unfailing courtesy at all times was the subject of the kindly comment, it was met by, "Oh! that's only policy."

In watching the three Admirals with their strong, distinguished faces all bent in rigid quietness upon the witness in the revolving-chair, their eyes keen and piercing, their demeanor grim, and their heads grizzled, it seemed not a far-fetched thought to liken them to our great birds of freedom, the American eagles. They seemed to be upon a plane far removed from the Court surroundings.

And then, to turn one's eyes from the Court to the Applicant was to have a conviction that there was a character that had been misapprehended entirely. There was a man with lines in his face that spoke for themselves.

Kindly and easy-going, with a very lovable blind side of charity to friends and even to foes; quick to decide; quick to jump to conclusions; impetuous even to rashness, with a tendency to believe that everybody is trying in this world to do the best he can, as he himself is trying; hot-headed in argument; frank of speech; generous and without any shadow of personal fear—this was the Applicant. But Providence does not bestow these qualities without giving along with them an infinite capacity for getting into trouble.

The Applicant was asked lately why he had called for the Inquiry. He waited a minute as though it were hard to speak, then said:

"I have served my country forty-five years and I could not rest in my grave under the brand of 'caitiff.'"

Pet Books of Great Men

By William Mathews, LL.D.

HOW rare a thing it is, in these days of hurried and indiscriminate reading, to meet with a man who has a pet book—an inestimably precious volume, which he is never tired of re-reading over and over again! The advantage which such a man has over the average reader, and especially over the *helluo librorum*, who devours books by the dozen without thoroughly digesting any, are easy to see. He pauses often and dwells upon what he reads, turning the author's thoughts over and over in his mind, till they pass like the iron atoms of the blood into his mental constitution. He is able to recall not only the ideas, but in many cases the very language of the writer, a power too often despised, which is not only a source of delight, but of great service, since the thoughts of a great writer, divorced from the *ipsissima verba* in which he conveys them, become different thoughts, lose more or less of their force, and cease in a measure to be his own.

A great deal of the reading of to-day is but a kind of intellectual dram-drinking, imparting a pleasant excitement or exhilaration for the moment, and cheating the subject of it with the delusion of self-improvement, but neither enriching and strengthening the mind nor building up the character. It is the merest epicurism of intelligence, simply enabling a man to kill time, and it is fortunate if it does not weaken the understanding and debilitate the character. Each new book read acts only as a sponge to wipe out the impressions made by the previous one. "Beware of the man of one book!" says an old Latin adage. The thorough mastery of a great, sterling, paramount work, which has made an epoch in the history of human thought—such as Kant's Critique de la Pure Raison, Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, or Darwin's Origin of Species—makes a man a dangerous antagonist. It puts an oaken beam into the mind, which invigorates and steadies it as a hundred inferior works will fail to do. Rightly understood, the saying of some thinker that he never feared to encounter a man who had a large library contained shrewd sense.

To derive the highest profit from books one should read, as a rule, only the greatest and most original authors, brooding long and thoughtfully over their pages—challenging their statements, if they are philosophical or political, or, if poets or essayists, sucking out their sweetness as the bee sips sweetness from the rose or the honeysuckle. Sainte-Beuve has said as truly as beautifully that "there are some books which cultivated and tender unoccupied hearts love to re-read once a year—love to have flower periodically in the memory, like the lilacs and the hawthorn."

Many great men have had their pet books, from which they have drawn daily and nightly inspiration. "I have no pleasure from books," writes Macaulay in his journal, "which equals that of reading over for the hundredth time great productions which I almost know by heart." Again he writes: "Home, and read Gil Blas. Charming! I am never tired of it."

Coleridge used to say that Southey's Life of Wesley was oftener read by him than any other work in his "ragged book-regiment." The pet author of the mediæval scholar, Erasmus, was Cicero, whom he deemed to be almost inspired of God himself; and the many-languaged Sir William Jones read the works of the great Roman through every year. The chief favorite of the great Frederick of Prussia was Bayle's Dictionary, which he translated into German. Jeremy Bentham regarded Fénelon's romance, Telemachus, as "the foundation-stone of his whole character."

Advanced Photography for Amateurs

A CERTAIN amount of technical skill is necessary to enable one to understand how to take a photograph and how to develop the results obtained by means of such a simple device as the present-day studio or field camera, but it is really the personal intelligence and artistic feeling that make the picture. Of course we cannot all have inspiration, but for those who are fortunate enough to possess it very little technical knowledge is needed to start them on their way. There are thousands of photographers who will never do anything truly interesting because they know too much about photography. Even photographic clubs are a frequent bar to advancement, as the members are liable to become absorbed in *process* to the exclusion of a broader ideal.

Chemists, and others who devote their entire time to perfecting, and especially to simplifying, the necessary apparatus, have made it so easy to avoid much discussion of "best developers" and best other things that it seems foolish to waste time on an unnecessary subject. I believe I could count the different chemicals in my own dark room on the fingers of two hands, and yet I generally find I have all I need for any occasion that may arise. In the proper place I shall recount just what these are, but for the present let us take the subject of portraiture in its most interesting aspect.

Lessons to be Learned from Great Portrait Painters

As a general formula for this and all other phases of photography, it may be said that a study of the great paintings, especially the modern ones, is of more value than the study of photographic text-books. It is perfectly reasonable to imagine that the higher the ideal you have the better your work will be, and that if you get your inspiration from a painting by Mr. Whistler, for instance, you are much more likely to achieve a worthy result than if you should take as a model the photographs you see in somebody's showcase. At the same time, every artist of strong individuality is bound to have mannerisms, and these are not difficult for the student to imitate; the test is in something much more elusive, and you must beware of becoming a mere copyist. It is not merely to imitate some one's else pose and accessories—you may get that, line for line, yet miss the true human note that reflects the personality you yourself are endeavoring to portray.

Naturally it is not possible for every one to understand these things; it is largely a matter of intuition and suitable temperament. Many people find no attraction in a landscape and yet are perfectly *en rapport* with any human subject. Others have a very special gift of selection for the former only. It is wise to try to realize your own special branch.

To be explicit, it is not merely an agreeable position that we want. Certain tricks of pose or expression, even though slightly awkward but belonging exclusively to the individual, will stamp a portrait at once as having some importance. One of the most splendid lessons on this point is the recent painting by Mr. Sargent of the daughters of Mr. A. Wertheimer. This picture positively breathes the whole past, present and future of those two young women—the dashing vitality of body, the alert and ultra-modern mind expressed so wonderfully, and then the story that those marvelously painted hands tell! It is not only the daughters of Mr. Wertheimer that we see, but the portrait of a type with all the characteristics of race and environment, and we recognize instantly the lifelike quality of the true portrait.

We hear frequently about the excellent snap-shot likenesses that amateurs get, and of how much more real they are than a professional has ever made the subjects look. Now this is only relatively true. The charm of snap-shot portraits is their evident spontaneity, and we can quite understand why they should be much more natural than a photograph made under the terrifying circumstance of the average "gallery," especially because they have not been subjected to an utterly impersonal and automatic retouching; but that is only one aspect of the case. A good portrait must be well studied out, but look thoroughly spontaneous. To me, the snap-shot records merely some instant of action, that has absolutely no permanent value as a portrait because it is not composite and because it generally expresses only arrested movement. President Roosevelt is one of the most unfortunate examples of this. I don't think I ever saw a snap-shot of him that gave one a true idea of his expression. It is what I should describe as the one-foot-up style of photograph.

Really the instantaneous shutter is very harmful to the ideas of a beginner. With our eyes we see no human being walking with such ugly strides as it discloses, so why should we record such things by the hundreds and thousands? Again, if you photograph a flag, rippling in the wind, and use a shutter set to one-five-hundredth of a second, you get no true picture of that flag. In fact, I think you would get about one-five-hundredth of its true action, and this is not as a painter would show it; though you would have an advantage over him in the fact that he would have to record it in his mind's eye by long and patient watching.

When making portraits out-of-doors it is wise to select some shady spot where a time exposure is necessary, or else to wait until late in the day. Between five o'clock and six-thirty are quite the nicest hours of a summer afternoon to make portraits. Then, under normal circumstances, if your subject takes a pose and expression that he is able to hold with perfect ease for several seconds, the photograph is pretty sure to be a truthful rendering of them at that time. Of course, there are some special poses that are difficult to hold, especially standing ones, which for this reason require a shorter exposure, but they must convey only a feeling of graceful and spirited movement that is quite complete in itself and which shows no signs of an effort to keep still or of haste in arrangement. Some one once said to me, in appreciation of a full-length portrait she was admiring: "I believe that young lady could hold her pose through an entire symphony and not need to move."

How to make use of one's home surroundings for portraiture is rather a large question. So much depends on just what they are like that from a professional point of view I don't consider it at all a satisfactory way to work, because one is never sure of results, and rooms are generally too small to permit the use of a long-focus lens. On the other hand, though, there is a great advantage in the opportunity to get unusual effects: there are stairways that offer all sorts of possibilities—and difficulties—out in the kitchen or even down in the cellar. Deep window-seats in country houses are favorite places, but there may be also the shadowy corner where the piano stands, and there are hosts of other suggestions, individual to each house, for photographs of a more pictorial character than we can get in a studio. Not all of these, of course, are available as accessories to a portrait. You have to select them with some idea of appropriate character, and be particular not to get in too much unnecessary detail. A plain steamer rug, for instance, is often more desirable as a background than is the parlor wall-paper. There is no doubt that harmonious coloring of costume and graceful outlines are a positive necessity, because we cannot photograph what we do not see, and if we are working for an interesting result we must have the possibility of it really before us.

Dough-Faced Portraits from Retouched Negatives

To attempt a definition of what constitutes beauty in line or mass is not possible here, nor is it necessary. One poet tells us that

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know;"

but I am afraid he meant it in such a very æsthetic sense that we can rarely appreciate its application. The one happy thing about it all is that opinions on the subject are as wide as the whole world.

The question of idealizing we can approach on more definite photographic grounds, particularly the system of retouching negatives until faces and necks look like so much dough, from the mistaken idea that the portrait must be pretty at all costs. Retouching is done to an extent that is a positive insult to the original. To have one's friends ask "*Is that really you?*" and to be gazed at with blank surprise by new acquaintances who had previously seen only a retouched photograph is hardly flattering. It is not so much the taking out of actual lines; this is frequently necessary because the lens magnifies to some extent; it is the indiscriminate retouching of the entire face by a person who has no understanding of what you really are like that is so absurd. I have had people come to me with the recommendation that they could create an entire new "skin texture;" they tell this with great pride, thinking it a great accomplishment; but surely that is perfection of a wrong

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Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of six papers which form a practical advanced course for amateurs in photography.

No. 1—Portraits: By Zaida Ben-Yûsuf

With Examples by the Author

sort. Idealization must be in the original pose, in lighting, in the focusing of the lens, and in such a development of the plate that retouching, in its old-fashioned sense, is hardly required. It is with this sort of treatment that we get a likeness of our friends that is recognizable, and which shows them at their best.

In portraiture the camera has a very curious way of bringing to notice remote family resemblances. Mr. J. W. Alexander, in a recent article on posing, said that he believed this to be possible only with painting, but it is not always so, and I have come across some remarkable cases in my own experience. One of these was connected with the portrait of a young lady about sixteen years old who was a great-granddaughter of the poet Keats. I photographed her in the most delicate lights possible so that the print showed only faint outlines against a white ground, choosing quite a full-face view of the head. Some time after her father showed me an old miniature of Keats, taken at the same age and of just about the same size and with the same view of the head. The resemblance was surprising, and showed the unsuspected hidden likeness to such a degree that the two pictures might have been taken for the same person except for the difference of arrangement in hair and costume.

As I have said before, the quality of light used has much to do with the success or failure of a portrait; and one of the greatest faults with photographs made beside an ordinary window is that of too much contrast between the light and shadow side of a face. Suppose, instead of arranging a paraphernalia of reflectors designed to light up the shadow side, the subject were placed so as to face the light a little more, so that the window, the photographer and the sitter would just about form a triangle; this would, of course, make the person to be photographed farther away from the source of light than he was previously, but by giving a trifle longer time to the exposure a more even negative would result than from the entirely side-light way. Besides, it often enables one to get a full or half length portrait that was not possible at closer range.

About the pose—well, it has been written more than once about my own work that I "evidently do not try to pose people, but take whatever attitude they naturally fall into." Now, never was there a more absurd case of truth distorted. It is extremely rare for any one to assume just the right pose at the very beginning of a prearranged sitting for a portrait. Generally, if it is an entire stranger, I don't know what *is* right for him at that time. By working slowly and carefully over the taking of the first two or three plates, in ways that vary as much as the subjects themselves, the most interesting point of view gradually develops itself. The important thing, then, is to be able to see and grasp the opportunity when it arises. At other times the pose and accessories are prearranged in my own mind, but I have to work gradually around to them by a series of positions, so that as far as my sitter is concerned the effect I am trying to get is perfectly spontaneous.

Portrait of Mr. Daniel French, by courtesy of The Century Company

As I said before, the methods you may take to put your subject at ease are many. It is often a good idea to let a friend accompany him. Children are sometimes so self-conscious that they get along much better when their parents or nurses are not present. Working professionally, you cannot always tell in advance what plan is best; but the amateur, who photographs his friends or family, has here an advantage.

Strive to be unique, but sane. There are too many purely bizarre pictures of all kinds, which are generally the result of an inexperience that, striving to rid itself of the commonplace, rushes to another extreme. If a photograph is in any way curious or visionary it must have a sentiment that is quite apparent if it is to be of some serious value.

Coronation Rights

THE pressure upon the Earl Marshal for tickets to Westminster Abbey for the Coronation Ceremonies of King Edward is going to be something unprecedented, and those who have not a clear right to a seat are likely to stand no chance of gaining admittance. Still, in 1838 there were some people who had tickets and were willing to sell them. For thirty guineas, according to an advertisement in the Times of that date, one could have had an excellent view of the ceremonies.

Of course, the various claims of persons to various rights in connection with the Coronation have had to be decided upon, and the business is not yet over. Late last June a proclamation appeared in the London Gazette ordering all petitions and claims to be made to the Court of Claims. In accordance with usage this proclamation was also posted in various places—I remember noticing it one day at the foot of the steps leading from Carlton House Terrace, in St. James' Park, where it was posted up alongside an announcement that we had ceased to coin "doubloons" for the Colony of Jamaica—itself a notice which sounded quaint and old-fashioned. In July, claims were presented to carry the King's ensigns, to exercise the office of Usher of the White Rod of Scotland, to be Chief Larderer, to be Butler, to be Almoner, as Lord of the Manor of Worksop to provide a glove for the King's right hand, to carry the Orb, to carry the Golden Spurs, as Barons of the Cinque Ports to carry a canopy over the King and Queen, to exercise the office of Hereditary Grand Carver for Scotland, to carry the cap of maintenance, etc. In October a great number of other claims were brought in.

Many claims are of no avail since the Coronation banquet no longer exists. The Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby cannot, fully armored, ride into Westminster Hall as King's Champion. The Lord of the Manor of Heydon cannot present the King with a basin and towel to wash his hands before dinner. The Lord of the Manor of Wymondley cannot serve the King with the first gilt cup at dinner and receive the cup as his fee. The Lordship of the Isle of Man used to be held by presenting the King with two falcons on his Coronation Day; but Man no longer has a Lord, and King Edward will have no falcons. But the Hereditary Grand Almoner will get the dish from which he distributes alms, and the Lord Great Chamberlain has a right to the bed and all the furniture of the room where His Majesty passes the night before Coronation Day. But such a claim as the latter will be compounded for a cash payment. In fact, the organ at Westminster Abbey is theoretically a perquisite of the organist, but a check for £500 will probably satisfy him better. The Coronation robes of the King were formerly given away, with the result that in 1831 George IV's crimson velvet Coronation mantle was sold at auction for forty-seven guineas.

This list of curious privileges, fees and perquisites, many of which can be traced for hundreds of years back into the past, could be extended to much greater length, but enough has been given to show the antiquarian interest attaching to each of the features of the Coronation ceremonial. The beauty and solemnity of the spectacle in Westminster Abbey which the crowning of King Edward will offer next June to his loyal subjects, and, it is hoped, to many from over seas, will undoubtedly be beyond adequate description.

The Affair of the Ursa Major

By Mary Tracy Earle

"Steve"

SOME inner sense of fitness must have prompted Captain Leftwich to put old Steve in charge of the barge Ursa Major; for Steve's chief reputation was that of having lost more jobs than any other negro in Pontomoc. Weather-beaten, lazy and inefficient, he was a typical product of shallow salt water and a mild climate, and, as the Ursa Major's characteristics were due to the same conditions, there was a certainty of slow awkwardness about both their movements which made their association a harmony. The Ursa Major bore about the same relation to other boats that Steve bore to other sailors; it was a stretch of courtesy to call her a barge, even: she was a flat-boat, made nondescript and still less like a barge by the addition of a sail for fair winds. A pole was her legitimate means of locomotion, and to walk very slowly from her square bow to her square stern, poling, was Steve's most reliable nautical accomplishment. His great pride was in putting up sail, but he usually lost time by it, for, if the wind veered, it was sure to drift him far out of his course before he noticed and took in his canvas. But Captain Leftwich had quarreled with every cheap boatman who had any claim to ability, so he hired Steve, paying him little, expecting next to nothing from him, and hoping that he would at least prove too dull and slow to quarrel with. The Captain would be content, he declared, as long as Steve kept the barge afloat and transferred about one load of oyster shells a week from Potosi to Pontomoc.

No matter how early in the week Steve started for his cargo, it was usually late Saturday night before he returned, and the shells had to wait over Sunday to be unloaded. One Monday morning, when he set out for the bayou landing, he found a strong wind blowing and the water dark and rough. He was congratulating himself on not having been overtaken by such weather while poling across the bay when he reached the landing and looked out at the Ursa Major. She was just where he had left her, but something unfortunate had happened. Her cargo must have shifted, giving the wind a strong leverage on one side, for she had turned over; instead of her deck, her flat, copper-painted hull arose out of the water.

The old man stared, his eyes and mouth wide open; he rubbed the gray wool above his forehead, and finally began to chuckle. "You-all jus' bettah tuhn back ag'in 'foah Cap'n Leftwich sees you," he advised. "I's plum glad I was home. I'd a heap ruther it was you-all dan me dat do w'at he ain't awdahed. De wus' is, it's me an' not you-all dat has got to break de news."

His chuckle died away and he looked at the copper-painted hull reproachfully. "You-all ain't got as much spunk as a June-bug," he declared. "At de leas', June-bugs kicks eround an' *tries* to git on dey foots ag'in, but you-all is mo' like a battah-cake—it ain't no diffrunt to you which way you is tuhned."

The dark side of the question loomed before him in ever-increasing dimensions as his reluctant feet dragged him toward the Captain's house to report. The Captain was at the breakfast-table and he sent for Steve to come to the dining-room door. The old fellow's knees knocked together as he found himself facing his employer.

"Well, what is it?" Leftwich asked.

Steve ducked his head respectfully. "Mawnin', Cap'n," he said.

"I didn't ask you what time of day it was; I asked you what you wanted."

"Yassir," said Steve, "yassir; I jus' 'lowed I'd bettah break de news to you—de Ussa Major she's done tuhned."

"Done what?" the Captain roared.

"Done tuhned—jus' like a battah-cake, de brown side up. You see, I got in frum de bay Sattuhday night——"

The Captain sprang up in a rage. "I don't care where you got in from or where you go. It's been one explanation after another ever since you began sailing that barge. You don't need to tell me how it happened or anything about it. You can just march straight out of here and never come to me for work again. I'm done with you, and your last week's pay you forfeit for capsizing the flat. Do you understand?"

"Yassir," said Steve, "yassir; but I jus' 'lowed——"

The Captain started toward him and Steve slunk back, bowing as he went. "Mawnin', Cap'n," he said at the door; "I jus' 'lowed——" He shut the door in the middle of his own remark, and rubbed his forehead in surprise at finding himself outside. "Yassir," he muttered to himself; "I done tole dat ole Ussa Major dat de one w'at broke de news would have de wus' time. A pusson would have b'lieved it was me dat had tuhned ovah stidder huh."

He wandered down the street in a study as brown as his wrinkled face. "De diffrunce is dat *she's* tuhned ovah an' *I'se* tuhned off," he concluded finally. "Now w'at kin' of remahks is Jane Amabel gwine make when I breaks de news to *huh?*"

He paused. The anger of Captain Leftwich had propelled him into the street, but the prospective anger of Jane Amabel decided him to stay there, for Jane Amabel, having forgiven him seventy times seven, had reached the scriptural limit and was probably lying in wait for him on the other side. Just then the Captain marched past, hat pulled over his eyes, and fists deep in his pockets.

Steve took a few steps after him. "If you-all wants dat bahge tuhned back ag'in," he mumbled eagerly, "I'se done had 'sperience——"

"Get out!" the Captain cried. "I've had too much of your experience. If you were the only man who could turn that barge right side up she might toast her toes in the sunshine till she fell to pieces and floated off before I'd let you touch her. You've had experience! And when boats get tired of lying on one side you let 'em turn over! I reckon you think all you've got to do is to poke 'em and they'll turn back. Don't talk to me!" The Captain pulled one fist out of his pocket and shook it. "Don't talk to me!" he insisted again, though Steve's mouth stood wide open as if its last word had escaped long before. "You've lost my cargo of shells, you've lost my time and money, and I'll not hear a word you've got to say."

He strode on like a storm wind down the street, and Steve nodded after him dolefully. "Dat bahge suhtainly stirred up de water when she tuhned," he muttered, "an' de wus' ain't come yet. Jus' wait till Jane Amabel 'spresses huh views."

Jane Amabel was the heaviest woman in Pontomoc, and to see her paddle down the bayou in a pirogue to carry Steve his dinner was worth a walk to one of the bayou landings. She sat erect and sumptuous, a red bandanna on her head, her dress, usually of bright blue cotton, billowing in starchy folds to both sides of the pirogue, so that to a casual observer she seemed to be floating on the water, sustained by her own skill as a laundress.

On the day of Steve's dismissal she paddled down to the Leftwich landing with a bucketful of hot corn bread and bacon. As she drew near she saw the schooner Three Brothers with all sails set, apparently stuck on a bar in the middle of the bayou channel where no bar existed. There was shouting and excitement between the men on her deck and other men on the landing.

"Mus' be dem fools is jus' exuhcizin' to keep frum gittin' sensible," she commented. "Dey needn't be skeered. Good, ole-fashioned hoss sense ain't driftin' in wid each tide. Dem dat was bawn fools kin stan' on de beach all dey lives widout even dabblin' dey foots in it." She paddled slowly nearer, surveying the schooner with contempt.

"Reckon it 'lows it's cotch a fish," she sniffed, noticing some strong ropes stretched from the top of the mainmast and straining taut to the water-line at some distance astern. Reckon dem lazy men is tryin' to teach a schoonah to cast a line all by huhse'f an' fish, to save dem de trouble——" Then she saw the capsized barge.

For a moment her pirogue rocked beneath her in surprise, giving her the look of some gaudy and monstrous water flower rising and falling on the waves. The ropes from the mast of the Three Brothers were fastened at the farther side of the barge to lift it edgewise as the schooner sailed away. But, though the schooner had dragged the barge to the length of the latter's anchor rope, the barge had not lifted. Jane Amabel's eyes bulged until her practiced mind had taken the situation in. She saw that the channel was so deep that the Ursa's short mast had not stuck into the mud. The Ursa moved with perfect freedom, but she would not rise.

"Huh," Jane Amabel commented; "dey needs a landin' net, dat's w'at—nevah kin lif' dat fish out'n de watah 'less'n dey has a landin' net er a stouter pole. An' *I* needs a stout pole, too," she added, taking in the fact that Steve was not upon the deck of the Three Brothers or among the shouting, gesticulating men on the Leftwich landing. "If dat ole Steve done got hisse'f tuhned off, he's gwine heah frum me."

She turned her pirogue so swiftly that there was a little whirlpool left behind her as if from the swirl of her skirts, and as she paddled back up the bayou she told its low wooded shores her various plans regarding Steve.

A string of fish was his peace-offering when he came home at nightfall. He had had nothing to do all day except use a cast-net, but as Jane Amabel, herself, had been fishing, his catch was not efficacious.

"You done lose you' job," she said shortly, "an' I reckon you 'membahs w'at I promise you de las' time."

Steve ducked his head. "De Ussa Major," he tried to explain, "she jus' tuhned——"

His wife pointed to the door. "An' dat's w'at you'se gwine ter do," she pronounced. "You don' come inter my house—not widout no wages in you' hands. I don' cook fer you—not when you'se out'n wuk. I done tole you de las' time dat it *was* de las', an' it don' mattah how you begs. You'se gwine tuhn away frum dis door till you gits annuder job. I'se done 'spress myse'f befoah. Dis time I ain't gwine multiply no words."

To have no words multiplied on him was Steve's idea of bliss, yet the weather was chilly for being shut outdoors.

"Wheah's I gwine sleep?" he asked.

"I don' know wheah *you'se* gwine sleep, but *I'se* gwine sleep on my wrath," she retorted, and shut the door.

Steve envied her. Wrath is a warm bed to sleep on, and he felt too remiss to be angry, even when he was shut out. He stood staring at the closed cabin. Through chinks in door and wall streamed the gorgeous flicker of a pine-knot fire. The odor of fish frying made him lick his lips.

"Jane Amabel," he called persuasively at an aperture, "if dey evah wants to git dat bahge righted I'se had 'sperience——"

A broad impassive back came between him and the dancing fire. Jane Amabel drew a chair up to the hearth and sat down. The fish spluttered in the frying-pan. A smell of coffee mingled with the aroma of fish and grease. The fire snapped.

"Jane Amabel," he called again, "I tell you I'se had 'sperience, an' if dey evah wants to see de top side of dat bahge——"

His wife lifted the coffee-pot and the frying-pan and crossed to the table. The light played merrily on her as she ate. Such crusty brown fish! Such odorous coffee! The voice outside became more and more a wheedling, pathetic whine—"I'se done tole Cap'n Leftwich I'se de *only* man w'at's had 'sperience."

Drawing her sleeve across her mouth with a satisfied motion, she picked up the remnants of her meal and came to the door. Steve stepped back a little, and the gush of fire-light showed his face warping itself into wrinkles of delight round a set of yellow teeth. But the door closed quickly, leaving the pots and pans outside.

"If dere's airy dawg out dar wants to lick my dishes, he kin do it," a voice announced from within.

Steve fell to in the darkness, but the repast was scant. Then he put his mouth again to a crack in the wall.

"Wheah's I gwine sleep?" he pleaded, but this time there was no answer of any sort. An upburst of flame showed an

"You'se gwine tuhn away frum dis door till you gits annuder job"

"She can rot in the bayou and welcome."

ample form bulging the gay covers of the bed. Between the snappings of the fire a sound of deep and peaceful breathing could be heard. The firelight flickered lower and lower. He turned away. He was hungry still and shivering, yet not without solace. "I ain't nevah gwine doubt de Bible ag'in," he muttered. "De win' is tempahed to de sho'n lamb. Jane Amabel didn't 'spress huh views."

For a week he lived the easy, shadowy existence of an outcast. A string of fish or a little wood-chopping or sometimes a mere duck of the head and a few ingratiating words were enough to provide him with meals at hospitable back doors. He sneaked into barns and slept, and there was nothing unpleasant in his new manner of living except the ridicule it incurred. That he had been turned off at last even by Jane Amabel tickled the humor of Pontomoc, and wherever he went he was greeted with queries as to whether she had taken him back again. Contagious, gurgling, darky laughter greeted him in every direction and lingered in his wake. It cut him short when he tried to explain that he had been wearying of Jane Amabel for some time, or that he had valuable experience in turning boats right side up; for schooners congregated around the capsized barge, hauling at her with various contrivances of pulleys and derricks, but she remained stubbornly bottom upward.

A week was enough to exhaust the Captain's scanty supply of patience; at its end he abandoned the whole undertaking, and it was rumored that he had grown so angry as quite to disown the flat-boat. Steve heard and pricked up his ears.

"If dat Ussa Major don' belong to de Cap'n, who do she belong to?" he inquired of himself craftily. The question abided with him and he scratched it into his thick skull for days. Then he chanced to meet his old employer at the entrance of a shop.

"Mawnin', Cap'n," he said, barring the door.

The Captain had been sitting on his own safety-valve until the pressure of his mood was explosive. He shook his fist violently. "No!" he cried. "No! I'm not ready to hire you to turn that barge right side up! You've turned her once and that's enough. I'm done with her. She can rot in the bayou and welcome. And you can go and perch on her if you want a job. Just go and perch on her till she turns over again by herself."

Steve ducked his head. "Thanky, thanky, Cap'n," he answered; "an' when she tuhns kin I perch on de right side of huh, jus' de same?"

"When she turns you can do what you please with her," the Captain shouted. "You can stand on the bank and poke her in the ribs and keep her turning if you want to."

"Yassir," Steve said; "yassir. Thanky, Cap'n. I'se suhtainly had 'sperience——"

The Captain pushed by and left him.

The next morning passers on the bayou saw Steve industriously loading earth into a rowboat near the Leftwich landing. He worked with a zeal that he had seldom shown in any labor, and when they questioned him he merely grinned. Later he was seen unloading the earth upon one side of the capsized barge.

"I'se had 'sperience," he condescended to explain. "One time ovah in Potosi I was runniu' a bahge, an' somehow 'r other she tuhned ovah, an' de man w'at owned huh, he had plain hoss sense, an' he awdahed sand piled on one side of huh till she tuhned back ag'in. He 'lowed it was a pore rule dat wouldn' wuk bofe ways. Huh cahgo had shifted, so he lit in an' shifted sand. I done tole de Cap'n I'd had 'sperience——"

Word passed along the bayou and idlers gathered by land and water to see Steve at his work. Every man that caught his idea was ready to lend him a hand—with a shovel in it—but Steve waved them off.

At last even Jane Amabel, coming down to Pontomoc for a new clothes-line, heard the news, and her pirogue approached, hidden as usual by the starchy efflorescence of her costume.

"De pore fool—he's hired out to hisse'f 'cause nobody else wouldn' have him," she muttered. "Come sundown, he'll be sneakin' home, lettin' on, 'I'se got a job shovelin' dirt, Jane Amabel,' an' layin' off to smouge a week's boa'd off'n me 'foah I finds out." She chuckled contentedly, drew in her paddle, and let the waves show their inability to rock the pirogue which she had ballasted with wisdom and avoirdupois.

"You Steve!" she called; "how much wages you-all 'lowin' to pay you'se'f?"

"W'at dat to you-all?" Steve asked, passing near her as he rowed a heavy skiff-load out to the barge. "Ev'ybody's done heard dat I was tired of suppohtin' you-all, some time back."

"W'at dat?" Jane Amabel snickered, looking to the gathering crowd for its approval. "Dat's a tale you kin tell to de fishes. It won't go down anywheres 'cept in de watah. Now heah me! If you'se so anxious to exuhcise, you kin come home an' chop wood, an' I'll give you a suppah. You'se gittin' to look mighty thin."

Steve only grinned as he shoveled earth on to the flat-boat's leeward edge, which had already sunk far enough to lift the weather side well up into the wind. Even the densest of his watchers was beginning to catch his idea and to see that, with every added pound to leeward, the leverage of the wind on the upper side would increase until finally the mere toss of the waves, helping out the wind, would send the lee side so far under that the boat would turn on it as a fulcrum and capsize, just as it had originally capsized when the shells shifted.

Jane Amabel's lack of faith began to waver as she saw each shovelful play its part.

"W'at's dat I heah 'bout de Cap'n's givin' huh to de man w'at rights huh?" she asked.

"Nuffin' dat concehns you-all," Steve answered. "You'se not de one dat's had 'sperience."

Excitement spread among the watchers as the boat tilted farther and farther.

"If she goes over when you're alongside what'll happen to you?" some one called.

Steve paused, halfway from shore with a new load of earth, and scratched his head. "I declare, I'se fawgot," he said. "I cain't seem to ricollect. I know dey piled on de sand, an' piled on de sand——"

"They?" cried one. "Didn't you do it? You said you'd had experience."

"Dat's so," Steve agreed, "but it was 'sperience in *watchin'*. You see w'en dat bahge tuhned ovah I got tuhned off."

Silence followed a roar of laughter, and Steve still hesitated, half-way between shore and barge. The Ursa Major was already tilted to such an angle that another boat-load would surely carry her over; but if Steve rowed alongside to throw on the earth, when she capsized she would come over on top of him. He felt of his crown to make sure that no blow had already fallen on it. He found his head intact, but quite empty. "I cain't seem to ricollect," he repeated, staring around him.

Some one suggested that, in the other case, the sand might have been unloaded from a schooner's deck, where, above the level of the flat, it could be thrown from a safe distance. Steve could not be sure. Some one else thought, as the Ursa Major was now tilted, that the Captain's plan of pulling by ropes from the top of a schooner's mast would no longer fail. Steve could remember no such last act. A third adviser urged him to "boost" over the barge from the windward side with a pole; but there was a general verdict that this would involve almost as dangerous a proximity as lying close a-lee until it turned.

His wife rowed decisively alongside and thrust her coil of new rope into his hands. "You-all was bawn a fool an' you won't git no sense if you sits thar till jedgment waitin' faw gumption to float in to you on de tide. Now w'at you gwine do wid dat line?" Steve merely stared at it.

"W'at's ropes faw but to hitch to things?" she inquired. "You shovel a little mo' dirt on dat bahge—don' be too 'fraid faw you' ole brown skin—an' den you hitch dat rope to de top aidge, an' row dis way. Dat bahge don' need no schoonah to coax it. Don' I know boats an' women? W'en dey's tuhned onct, dey simply watches faw de chanct to tuhn back. It would tuhn if you hitched a right lively crab to de free eend of de rope an' let it swim off—heah me!"

"You Steve!" she called; "how much wages you-all 'lowin' to pay you'se'f?"

Steve felt relieved and natural to be working under orders again. "Dat's so," he said approvingly; "dat's so." He dumped part of his load into the water and deposited the other part cautiously upon the bobbing, tilted, half-submerged slope which the Ursa Major presented to the world. Then with the clothes-line fastened into a strong ring which the Captain had provided for his own operations, he rowed away to the rope's length and strained at his oars. But though the barge swayed and tilted a little more, she kept her balance like a thing bewitched, and the watchers shouted in derision—all but Jane Amabel.

She paddled close to him. "Would you-all like to come home to suppah to-night?" she asked, "or has you been wearied of me faw some time back?"

Steve drew in his oars and sat panting. The Ursa Major as his individual property seemed tantalizingly uncertain after all of his confidence and his hard day's work. He was tired and discouraged, and his familiar place under his wife's wing looked comfortably soft. "I ain't nevah wearied of you, Jane Amabel," he said. "Dat—dat was jus' fool talk."

"Den pass me de eend of de rope," she ordered. "Dat bahge kin stop its foolin'. It's got to tuhn." Under her direction they arranged the pirogue and the skiff tandem along the rope; conviction spread through the crowd as it listened to her assured voice. She grasped her paddle and Steve took firm hold on his oars; the wind, summoned perhaps by her confidence, blew a stronger gust. Their strokes fell in unison. The Ursa Major felt their impulse, combined with the freshened buffeting of the waves and lift of the wind, and it may be that the nerve force of a controlling spirit reached her through the clothes-line. Her upper edge rose slowly, while the lower side sank and the earth which had been piled on it muddied the water; the long white rope shook, jerked and stiffened. There was a moment of uncertainty while the barge held upright. Then a wave unsteadied it; it rolled over, there was a great splash, and its long-hidden deck came up out of the spray. The crowd broke into loud hurrahing for old Steve, followed by cheers for Jane Amabel. They had both been thrown forward when the rope was freed from tension, but they straightened themselves, unharmed. After Steve had savored the applause a few moments he rowed alongside of the pirogue.

"Dar's Cap'n Leftwich on de bank," he whispered.

Jane Amabel looked keenly at the Captain. He had just arrived and stood a trifle apart surveying the Ursa Major with a surprised but calculating eye.

"He bettah not try to claim huh back ag'in," she said sharply, seeking to read his face.

The Captain, however, had no intention of withdrawing his offer. He had reached an orthodox conclusion in regard to speaking in haste to repent at leisure, but his dread of ridicule was as keen as if he were not quick-tempered, and he had long ago learned that the best way to cover the memory of his fits of anger was to abide by their consequences. Yet to see the barge right side up and ready for service made it seem superfluous for him to incur the expense and worry of building a new one. His brow relaxed as he realized what a source of annoyance the ownership of the barge had always been to him. If Steve owned it and still plied to and fro to Potosi for shells, he himself would be freed from all responsibility and would only need to pay for such cargoes as were delivered. There would be no more quarreling with boatmen, no dissatisfaction over wasted time. It began to seem that he had unconsciously committed the wisest action of his life. He broke into a smile.

"Steve! Oh, Steve, come here!" he called. Steve dipped his oars ruefully into the water, and although his wife swirled her pirogue around and followed to protect his interests, he felt as a child feels who has been handed a fascinating toy, only to have it snatched away.

"Cap'n," he began, ducking his head, "you-all said I could perch on huh——"

Leftwich made a motion as if puttiug the past impatiently behind him.

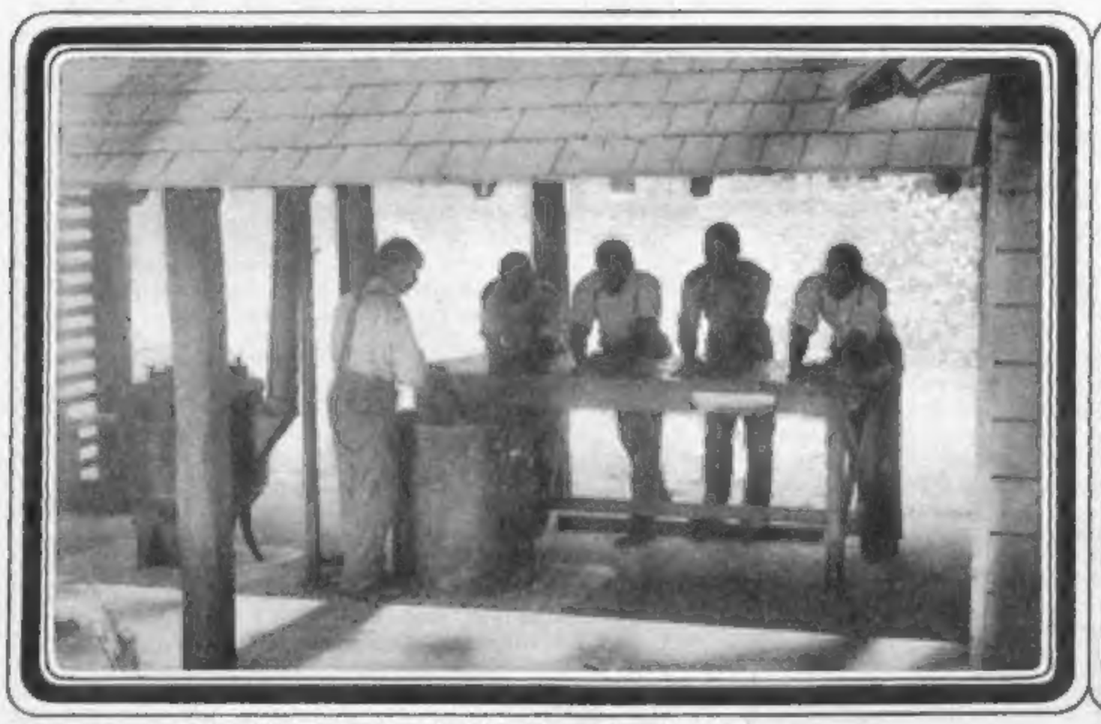
"I didn't ask you what I said," he broke in. "You've got a barge, haven't you? I want to hire you to start for Potosi to-morrow morning with your barge, and haul me a load of shells."

Steve's eyes bulged in amazement. He sat staring at the Captain and said nothing until Jane Amabel's paddle touched him in the ribs.

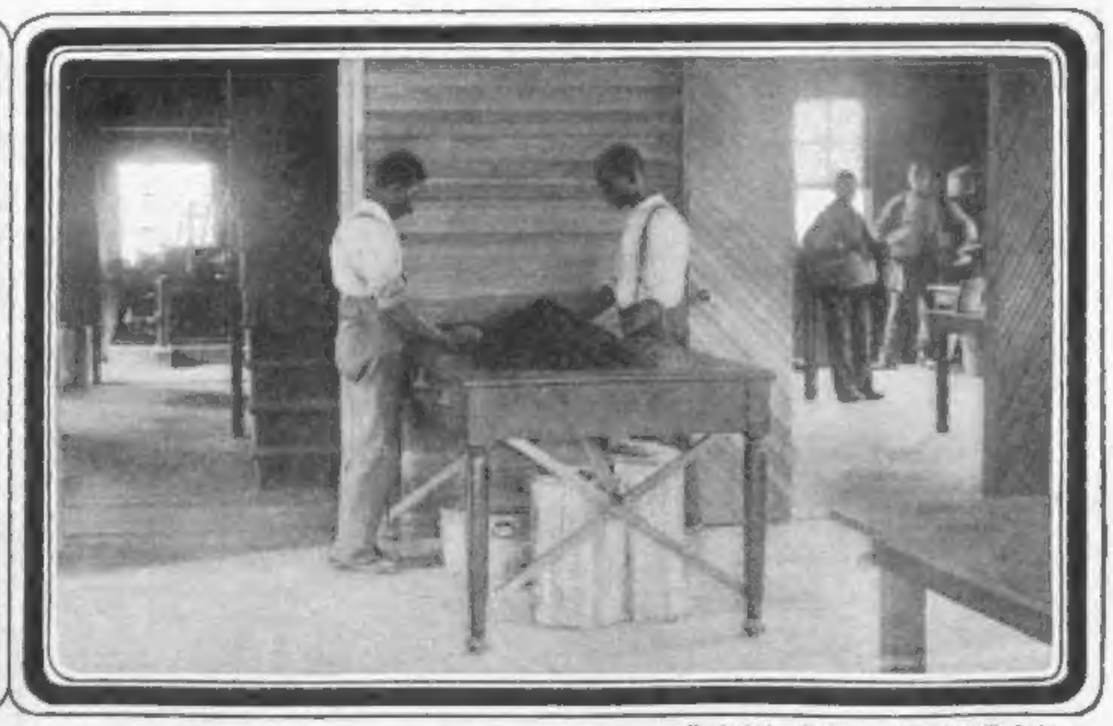
"Say yassir," she prompted.

"Cap'n, . . . you-all said I could perch on huh——"

Tea-Growing a Home Industry



Rolling green tea after roasting the leaves in the big kettle on the left (Summerville, S. C.)



Manipulating the tea at the Summerville factory

By René Bache

TEA grown and cured in this country can now be bought in any of our big cities. High-class grocers sell it, though only in small quantities as yet, because few people know that such an article is on the market, or are acquainted with its exceptional quality. It is, in truth, superior to any brand now imported, simply for the reason that the leaves are more carefully selected and the manufacturing processes more painstaking. The price is one dollar a pound, and about 3000 pounds of it are disposed of annually to knowing customers, many of whom, having learned the difference from experience, will use no other kind.

All of this tea comes from the neighborhood of Summerville, South Carolina, and the enterprise, which has not been conducted hitherto for commercial purposes, is now receiving Government aid. In fact, the Department of Agriculture is taking up the business of tea-production with much enthusiasm, in the belief that it is destined to become an important American industry. Every possible encouragement will be given to private individuals to go into it, and tea gardens will be multiplied as rapidly as is practicable.

"It has been supposed that we could not compete with cheap Oriental labor in the production of tea," said Secretary James Wilson to the writer, "but that is a mistake. We have plenty of the cheapest kind of labor in our own Southern States, and this is a good opportunity to put it to profitable use. Vast areas of land are available and suitable for the crop, and for human hands in the factory we can substitute machinery, in this way reducing the cost.

"Some time will be required for the establishment of plantations, but as soon as enough of the bushes can be grown we shall produce tea in sufficient quantities to supply a large part of the home demand. To high grades we shall especially devote our attention, inasmuch as they are more profitable, and also because the really superior teas are not imported into the United States. They cannot be carried long distances or across the ocean without destroying their quality."

Poor Quality of Some Imported Teas

The best Oriental teas are dried at low temperatures, to preserve the volatile principles upon which they depend for their fragrance and delicacy of flavor. They are worth from five dollars to fifty dollars a pound in Japan and China, whereas the great bulk of the teas sold in this country cost less than fifteen cents a pound at the port of shipment. The woeful difference in quality which is represented by this difference in prices may be at least faintly realized. If the costly teas could be fetched hither they would find a market readily enough, even at fifty dollars a pound; but they cannot possibly be imported, and therefore the field, so far as they are concerned, is open to the American grower without any competition from outside.

The first tea plants known in the United States were set out in 1804, at Middleton Barony, fifteen miles from Charleston. There were many subsequent attempts, and little patches and larger "gardens" occasionally produced leaf of fine flavor. As a rule, however, the product has lacked strength, probably owing to defective curing. For many years tea plants were distributed annually by the Department of Agriculture, though rather for domestic use than to encourage the culture as a commercial industry. But in 1881 Congress made an appropriation for experiments in the growing of tea on a large scale, and a good deal of money was spent, but unfortunately without result, as the trial was abandoned before conclusions could fairly be drawn.

The experiment at Summerville was begun about a dozen years ago on a small scale. Notwithstanding many discouragements it was stubbornly pursued, and now the tea gardens in that vicinity cover more than fifty acres—an area sufficient to yield 10,000 pounds annually when all the bushes come into full bearing. Dr. Charles U. Shepard is in charge of the enterprise, which has been conducted on most scientific principles. The Government, through the agency of our consuls, has helped him to procure the finest kinds of seeds from China, Japan, India and Ceylon; and the culture of the plants has been carried on in accordance with the most improved methods.

Picking tea on the Summerville (S. C.) plantation

The greatest difficulty at the outset was in securing pickers to pluck the leaves from the bushes. When the tea leaf is ripe it must be gathered without delay lest it lose its quality, and lack of the requisite labor would cause ruinous loss to the planter. Mr. Shepard solved the problem by building a schoolhouse, hiring a teacher, and inviting the colored people of the neighborhood to send their children, without cost, for instruction in the three R's, with the understanding that the youngsters should have a chance to earn money, incidentally, by picking tea. The plan has proved successful, and many of the boys and girls have become expert at the business.

How the Tea Gardens are Picked

The gardens are picked once every ten days, and it takes three days for the force of twenty children to make a complete round of them. A smart lad or half-grown girl can gather twenty pounds of leaves in ten hours, a little over four pounds being required to make one pound of manufactured tea. The youngsters like the work and soon learn the art.

To say that they rarely pluck more than the "pekoe tip and two leaves, or occasionally the first souchong," would be to speak in enigmatical language; but the point is easily explained. A tea bush throws out from its branches young shoots, each of which has at the end an unexpanded leaf-bud. This leaf-bud is the pekoe tip, or "flowery pekoe." A small leaf, almost equally tender, follows it on the stem, and is known as the "orange pekoe;" then comes one slightly larger, which is the "pekoe." For "pekoe tea" only the bud and these two leaves are gathered; they are the most delicate parts of the plant, and their flavor in the manufactured product is the most superior.

Following the two leaves above described are two somewhat larger and more mature leaves, called first and second souchong, and the twig often has two more still. But the pickers at Summerville are

A tea nursery—showing how the young plants are shaded

Dr. Shepard and some "Assam hybrid" tea bushes

Tea-tasting in China

taught to take only the pekoe tip and three-fourths of the orange pekoe leaf, nipping them off between thumb-nail and forefinger; though late in the season they are permitted to pluck three-quarters of the pekoe leaf in addition. With such daintily selective picking, it is not surprising that the tea should be of remarkably fine quality. In the Orient, where exceptional brands are not concerned, it is common to collect both souchongs and even entire shoots. The "brick tea," which is so important an article of commerce in the interior of Asia, being even employed to some extent as money, is often full of twigs.

Dr. Shepard says that one advantage of tea culture lies in the fact that it offers an easy outdoor occupation for women and children. As a domestic industry it is to be recommended, and people might with advantage add tea-production to the growing of flowers and vegetables, filling vacant spaces with tea plants and substituting them in the form of hedges for unsightly fences. Each household would thus supply its own tea, pure, strong and invigorating, instead of using the wishy-washy cheap stuff purchased at the grocery. Should the little tea gardens multiply, factories would be established in each neighborhood for the larger manufacture of commercial tea, and thither the output of the small plantations could be brought and sold, precisely as canneries and dairies consume the surplus production of fruit and milk.

It costs a good deal of money to start a large tea garden, but, once established, such an enterprise is said to be a sure source of income for an indefinite period. The finest Japanese teas are gathered from bushes 200 years old. Dr. Shepard has two acres of "Dragon's Pool" tea, raised from seed obtained through our consul at Ningpo, from a famous garden near Hangchow. This patch is now yielding 500 pounds to the acre, whereas few gardens in China yield over 200 pounds. The yield for each bush at Summerville is as high as five ounces; but in Japan it does not average over one ounce, and in China it runs from one to two ounces. In India and Ceylon are estates that produce annually over 1000 pounds of tea to the acre, but these are rare exceptions.

The tea plant in a wild state is an undergrowth in shady forests. Under cultivation, therefore, the young plants have to be shaded from the sun, and not until they are several months old are they removed to the open field. In the third year the bushes are large enough to yield a small crop, and they reach fullest bearing in the tenth year. Plenty of water is a prime requisite. There is no part of the United States where the rainfall alone is sufficient for best results with tea, and irrigation is advisable wherever possible. Only the Southern States are available for tea-growing in this country, because a temperature that is rarely below twenty-five degrees and never below zero Fahrenheit is demanded.

At Summerville the tea leaves are gathered by the children in Swiss trout-baskets. After being carefully inspected and weighed they are carried to the "withering lofts," where they are thinly spread out on clean floors and trays, and exposed to warm air. The object of this process is to enable them to be rolled without breaking; they lose their crispness, and acquire a faint and peculiar odor. Next, the leaves are rolled, the oil-cells being in this way broken. A slow oxidation follows, on which depends to some extent the quality of the final product, but the finishing touch is the "firing."

Black tea can be manufactured almost wholly by machinery. There is a machine for rolling the leaves which, worked by one mule, can do as much in half an hour as a man can do in a day. But the green tea has to be made entirely by hand, it is a product of cheap Oriental labor, and American competition, so far as the lower grades are concerned, is out of the question.

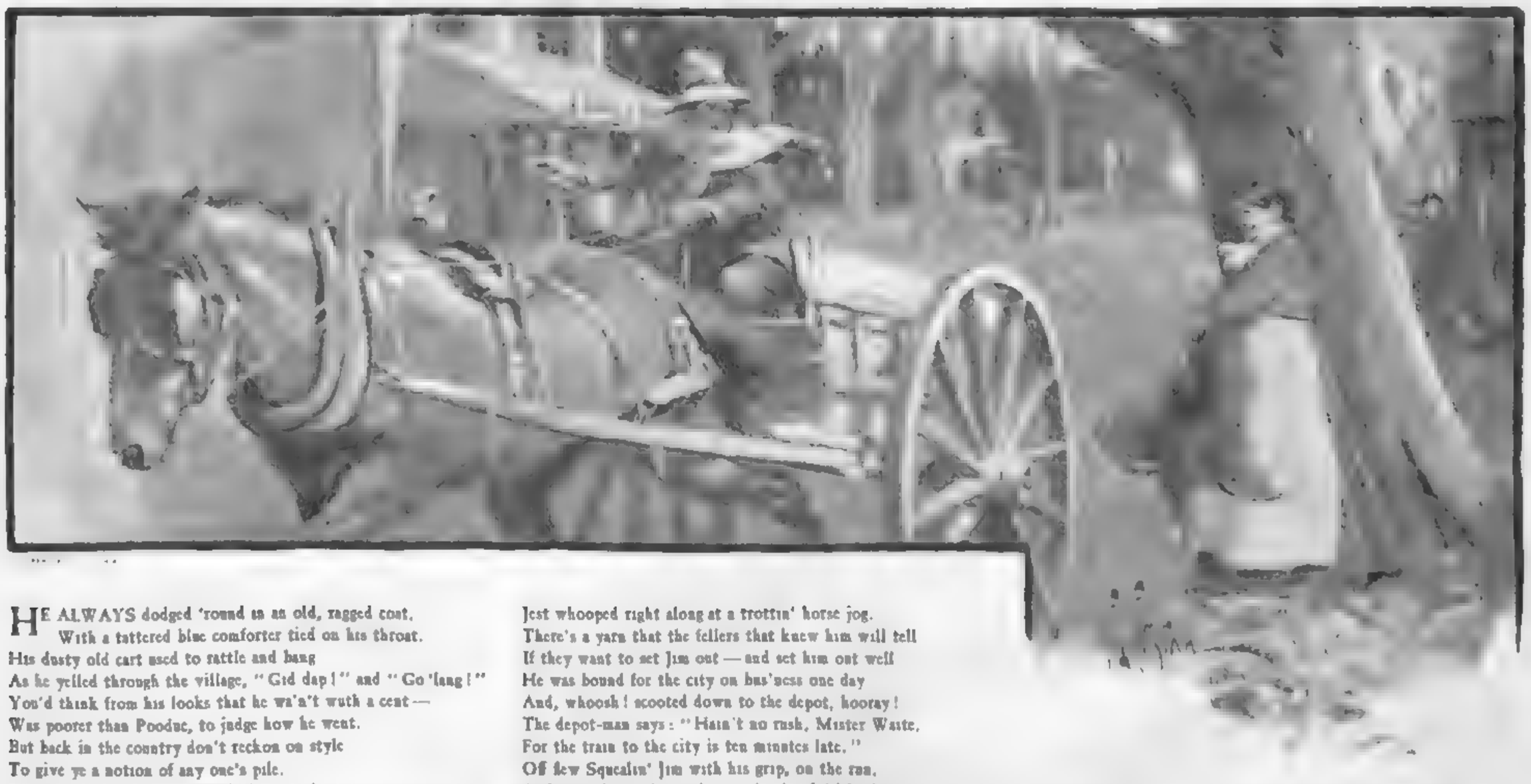
There is a greater demand in the United States for green tea than for black, though much of the green tea on the market is composed of inferior leaves, colored with Prussian blue, and "faced" with soapstone. Yankee growers can supply pure and wholesome green teas, of high grade and not too expensive, which will be adequately appreciated. They will be made without the use of coloring matter, and will be sweet and clean, instead of being handled by natives of the Orient, naked and perspiring, at a temperature of from 100 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

Green tea is made at the Summerville factory by roasting the fresh leaves in an iron pot and hand-rolling them on a table, the rolled leaves being afterward dried.

The demand for South Carolina tea has been steadily increasing, and it is a certainty that the article, of excellent quality, can be produced in that part of the country at a cost of twenty-five cents a pound when raised on a large scale. At that rate it would soon drive the fifty-cent imported tea out of the market.

A profit of ten cents a pound means forty dollars an acre on a yield of 400 pounds per annum, and, as Dr. Shepard says, "higher profits per pound, with increasing production per acre, would rapidly swell the income."

Thanksgivin' Jim—By Holman F. Day



HE ALWAYS dodged 'round in an old, ragged coat,
With a tattered blue comforter tied on his throat.
His dusty old cart used to rattle and bang
As he yelled through the village, "Gid dap!" and "Go 'lang!"
You'd think from his looks that he wa'n't worth a cent—
Was poorer than Poodue, to judge how he went.
But back in the country don't reckon on style
To give ye a notion of any one's pile.
When he died and they figgered his pus'nal estate,
He was mighty well fixed—was old "Squealin' Jim Waite."
But say, I'd advise ye to sort of look out
How ye say "Squealin' Jim" when the's widders about.
They're likely to light on ye, hot tar and pitch,
And give ye some points as to what, where and which:
For if ever a critter is reckoned a saint
By the widders 'round here, I'll be dinged if he hain't
For please understand that the widders call him—
Sheddin' tears while they're sayin' it—"Thanksgivin' Jim."

He was little. Why,
Wa'n't skerce knee-high
To a garden toad. But was mighty spry!
He was all of a whew;
If he'd things to do
'Twas a zip and a streak when Jim went through.
But his voice was twice as big as him,
And the boys all called him "Squealin' Jim."

He was always a-hurryin' all through his life,
And said there wa'n't time for to hunt up a wife
So he kept bache's hall and he worked like a dog—
Jest whooped right along at a trottin' horse jog.
There's a yarn that the fellers that knew him will tell
If they want to set Jim out—and set him out well
He was bound for the city on bus'ness one day
And, whoosh! scooted down to the depot, hooray!
The depot-man says: "Hain't no rush, Mister Waite,
For the train to the city is ten minutes late."
Off flew Squealin' Jim with his grip, on the run,
And away down the track went he, hoofin' like fun
When he tore out of sight, couldn't see him for dust.
And he squealed: "Train be jiggered. I'll git there, now, fust!"
So nervous and active he jest couldn't wait
When they told him the train was a little mite late!

Now that was Jim!
He was stubbed and slim,
But it took a spry critter to stay up with him
His height when he'd rise
Made you laugh. But his eyes
Let ye know that his soul wasn't much undersize.
And some old widders we had in town
Insisted, reg'lar, he wore a crown.

As he whoopity-larruped along on his way
There were people who'd turn up their noses and say
That Squealin' Jim Waite wasn't right in his head;
He was "cranky as blazes," the old growlers said.
I can well understand that the things he would do
Seemed looney as time to that stingy old crew.
For a fact, there was no one jest like him in town;
He was 'most always actin' the part of a clown.

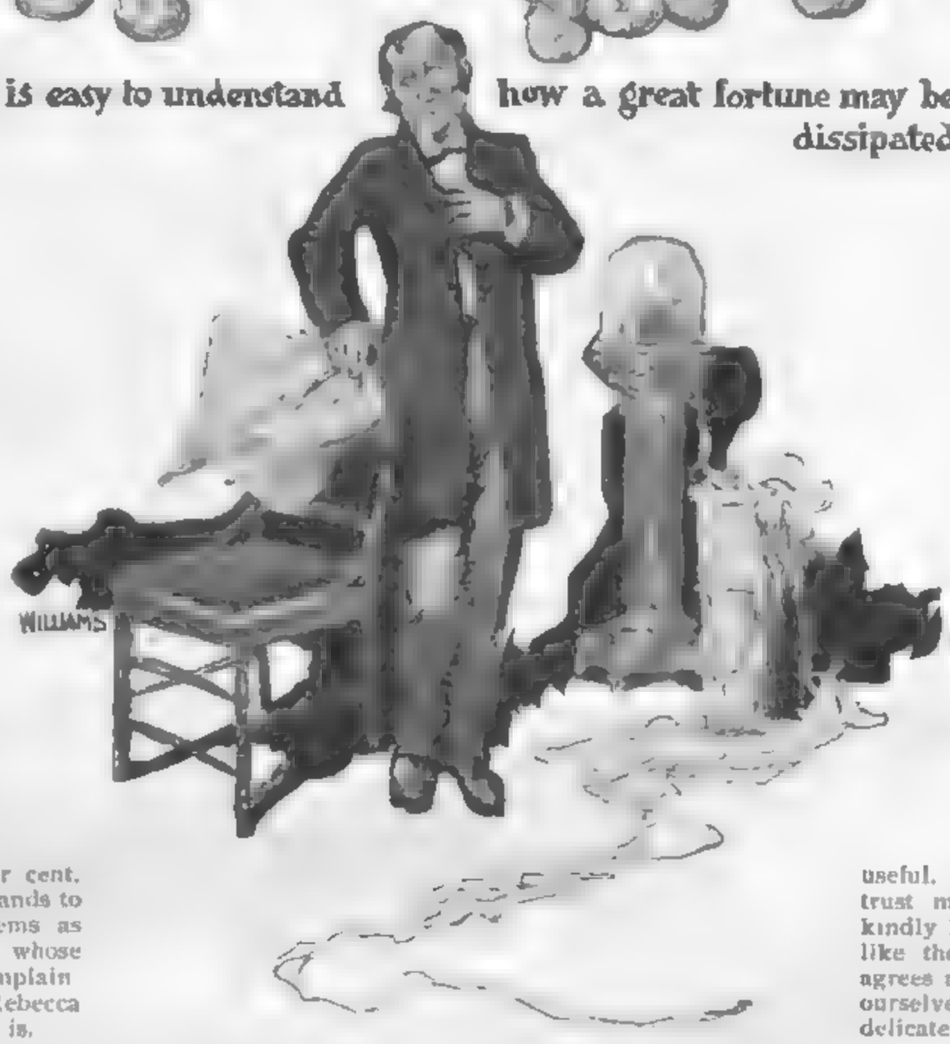
He would say funny things in his queer, squealin' style
And he talked so you'd hear him for more than a mile.
But ev'ry Thanksgivin'-time Waite he would start
And clatter through town in his rattlin' old cart.
And what do ye s'pose? He would whang down the street,
Yank up at each widder's; from under the seat
Would haul out a turkey or yaller-legged chick
And holler: "Here, mother, h'ist out with ye, quick!"
Then he'd toss down a bouncer right into her lap
And belt off like fury with "G'lang, there! Gid dap!"—
Didn't wait for no thanks—couldn't work 'em on him!
Couldn't catch him to thank him—old Thanksgivin' Jim.

'Twas a queer idee
'Round town that he
Was off'n his balance, and crazy's could be.
They'd set and chaw
And stew and jaw
And projick on what he did it for.
But prob'ly in Heaven old Squealin' Jim
Found lots of crazy folks jest like him.

Extracts from the Diary of a Millionaire

By G. S. Street

"It is easy to understand how a great fortune may be dissipated"



LONDON, January 20 (1900)

Accounts for past year finally made up. In the four years since I returned from Newditchia my capital has increased by nearly twenty-five per cent. Not, however, a corresponding increase of income. Interest on safe securities abominably low nowadays, but feel it my duty to my family to have part of my capital so invested that no accident can touch it. Roughly speaking, my income in the past year was £300,000 and my expenses a little over £60,000. Mem.: An increase of several hundred pounds on the year before in expenses without any greater call on me in the way of charities and other customary extortions. Fancy the fault must lie with the housekeeper at Wedworth Hall; shall intimate that, unless she retrenches, she must go.

As usual, the proper reinvestment of surplus income a source of great anxiety to me in the past year. The world little realizes the cares involved in the possession of wealth. The continual supervision of people who I *know* would make some secret profit for themselves if they could is in itself wearing both to mind and body, and the irritation which naturally follows from the poorness of the results sours my temper. My dependents should remember this when I am short with them, as I confess is sometimes the case; but the world is unjust. On an average my regular investments last year, apart from a few lucky speculations, have brought in barely four per cent. It is absurd. A man with only a few miserable thousands to invest looks for a better return than this. It seems as though the world was in league against every man whose industry—but I must school myself not to complain. Query: Is not the income of £300 a year I pay Aunt Rebecca more than sufficient for her needs? My wife thinks it is.

January 28.

Debate with my wife whether to make some recognition of the extra work Bingley, my secretary, has had during this month. Bad principle. I pay him for *all* his time: there was no stipulation as to hours of work. However, perhaps a present—say £5—would be a graceful act on my part.

My dear daughter Florence has canceled her engagement with Sir Charles. Very proper. She can surely look higher than that. Lady Cartley told my wife that it was simply throwing her away, dear child.

My dear wife

January 30

Decide, on my wife's suggestion, to give Bingley a scarfpin. She will buy one at the Stores. I hope Bingley will appreciate my dear wife's thoughtfulness and show a little more alacrity than of late in making himself useful to her in his spare time. Penario Railway shares gone up three points. Clear profit of £12,000. Perhaps this year is going to be really prosperous.

January 31

Wife reports scarfpins at the Stores ridiculously expensive. Decide merely to thank Bingley.

February 1.

Formally thanked Bingley for his services in past month. He looked sullen. Added that I hoped he would keep to the excellent standard he has set himself. These people must be kept in their places—too much praise turns their heads. B., for example, muttered something about higher salary. I pretended not to hear, to spare him merited rebuke. Joke, if a joke, in bad taste. He has £150 a year with no deductions for board and lodging, but it seems as though every one tries to prey upon us rich men.

February 20.

Hear that X.* has promised to subscribe £5000 to Royal Fund. Excessive, and puts pressure on others. No particular recognition hinted at in my case. However, cannot possibly subscribe less than X.: my wife insists on that; says Mrs. X. will give herself airs. These things are an enormous tax on successful industry. Most unfair.

* A brother millionaire.

March 7.

Penario shares a point higher. Mistake to sell so soon. One of those blows which teach us how easily a fortune may crumble away, and how necessary it is to be careful in expenses and not yield to the cormorants who surround us. On other hand, have made £9000 by selling Beeswax. Not so bad, that.

March 10.

Very cruel letter from Aunt Rebecca about proposed reduction of her allowance. Language absolutely vulgar, and reminds me painfully of the proverb in Shakespeare about a prophet in his own country. The highest in the land recognize my position and treat me with respect, and here is Aunt Rebecca writing to me as though I were a nobody. Sheer ingratitude. I have paid her, in the last six years, no less than £1600! She goes back to old days when I lived with her as a boy in Oldditch. Both silly and unreasonable. Wife suggests writing to ask her if her benevolence was a speculation and she wants a million per cent. on it. Witty, that, very, but kinder to leave letter unanswered. Have instructed bank to knock off £10 a quarter. Absolutely necessary. Aunt Rebecca only one more instance of the ingratitude which dogs my steps. I wonder if all men suffer in this way. Remember quotation somewhere about it.

March 12.

Letter from Cuthbert at Eton—it was a happy thought of my wife to give him the second name, by the way: far more appropriate *now* than his first. Says that young Lord Parley, eldest son of the Marquis of Middlewick, has proposed that they two shall go to Paris together for Easter. It sounds premature: Cuthbert is only eighteen—but we must move with the times. Have met Lord Middlewick at our Suppression of Luxury Society. Mention that to Cuthbert in my reply. Also tell him that *mere* titles are no longer so important, but Lord Middlewick important politically. Suggest, however, that Paris too expensive: why not Lord Parley spend Easter with us at Wedworth?

March 13.

Wire from Cuthbert saying on no account mention Paris project to Lord Middlewick. Well, well! Letter by last post; Parley insists on Paris and refuses Wedworth. Need not spend more than £100. £100! Two boys going alone to Paris preposterous. Shall tell Lord Middlewick that I prevented it, and ask him not to tell Lord Parley.

March 15.

Lady Cartley brought Duchess of Wibley to call on my wife. I am told the Duke is practically insolvent, but in our position we have to know these people. Noticed her sables: as good as my wife's: what a satire! Duchess admired gilt statue of Modesty on the staircase. It *is* tasteful. Duchess asked my wife to lunch to-morrow.

March 16

Lady Cartley called on me in the city. Distressing interview. Told me she was in financial difficulties and suggested that I should put her on to "a good thing." Told her I know of none: explained how little interest I get for my own money. She then asked me bluntly to lend her £2000! No security, of course! The impecuniosity of these old titled families is sickening and their shamelessness almost equally so. Lady C. spoke openly of the social services she had done for us. To a person of any refinement of mind such conduct is simply shocking. It is the sort of thing which sours the lives of rich men. Told Lady C. I would think it over. She seemed disappointed. The impudence!

Another blow when I got home. The Duchess has been trying the same game with my poor wife. Wondered if I would lend them some money on a mortgage. I know what that means. Estates mortgaged to the hilt already: interest never paid; social pressure not to foreclose. However, wife anxious that I should lend them a few thousands; says that they will be really useful. These people are sharks and cormorants. But I can trust my wife's judgment: do not think in this case her kindly heart runs away with her: does not seem really to like the Duchess. That settles Lady C., though. Wife agrees and will write herself to say we are too hard-pressed ourselves. She proposes to send her £5 as a present: delicate snub, that; but needless expense.

March 18

Lady Middlewick called on my wife and confided to her the terrible trial this young Lord Parley is to them. Hardly a good friend for Cuthbert, but perhaps C. will reform him. My wife struck up a friendship with Lady M. on that basis. That is most satisfactory: these Middlewicks are not *sordid*, like Lady C. and the Duchess. Query: Necessary now to lend the Duke that money? But gone rather too far to go back. Lady C. has written a most impertinent letter to my poor wife. After all the lunches and dinners she has eaten with us! Another monster of ingratitude!

March 24.

Went with wife to see Potham's pictures, as advised. The Nymph Bathing, or whatever it was called, distinctly vulgar, and quite right of my wife to tell him so. But the picture of the miser counting his gold excellent; the gold lifelike. Pathetic, the waste of capital: no proper investment in those days, I suppose. They say this young man's works good investment: certain to rise. Shall not pay his price, though. Judge from surroundings that he will come down a bit for ready money. Business is business and must be treated as such, but we might send him a card for an At Home.

March 25.

Extraordinary conduct of Bingley: proposed to borrow £50 to send his brother in Canada. Never heard of such a thing. Am I expected to support the families of all my dependents? Told B. I made it a principle never to lend money.

March 29

My wife thinks B. should have the £50 as from her, so as not to go back on what I said, and it can be stopped out of his salary. Bad principle, economically, but I let her have her way. She is tender-hearted, like a woman. She thinks it will make it easier to give him the correspondence entailed by her being secretary of this Bazar. Unnecessary: B.'s duty to do whatever work I choose. But I am proud my wife should have these delicate feelings.

Bingley! has had the audacity to tell me that he wants to marry Florence, and Florence abetted him

April 2.

As usual at the end of a quarter the anxious question of reinvestments is almost making me ill. £60,000 to place somehow, and good openings lamentably

scarce. I sometimes congratulate myself that my landed property is comparatively small and I have no ridiculous number of "places" to keep up, but at times like this I am tempted to envy the Duke of Z., whose income—not equal to mine, though—is automatically consumed by large establishments. The anxiety is dreadfully wearing, and the thought that it is men like me who are the backbone of the country and make it so prosperous and happy only a partial consolation. Sometimes think of doing something for education or promoting Irish industries, or something of that kind. But expenses of living so heavy. Bill for gilding the railings in front of house preposterous.

April 6

Looked into a novel before dinner: useful for conversation and must patronize literature. Mem.: Mudie's subscription absurdly high. The West End, a sort of satire on vulgar rich people. Amusing, but overdone: never met people quite so vulgar. Can never be too thankful that natural good sense and seeing things at proper value have kept me and my wife from silly so-called social ambition. Despise titles and old families and all that nonsense: could buy up most of them without feeling it. They court *me*, not I them.

April 7

Positively not elected at the ——— Club. Some vile intrigue, I suppose, by some wretch I have not done something for. Thought FitzPercy had made it all right. That young man simply lives on us, and what good he is beyond escorting my wife and daughter about quite fail to see. Shall speak to him. I can afford to smile at the idiotic "exclusiveness" of the club, but, after all, it is abominable.

April 8.

Petition from Wedworth villagers to be allowed to have sports in my park on Easter Tuesday. So likely, when *we*

He wants to borrow thirty pounds

shall be there. Say the old family always allowed it: no wonder the old family came to grief. Do they imagine I am going to allow my privacy to be invaded by a pack of yokels? I don't know what the country is coming to. Dictate curt answer to B

April 10.

Wife wants me to get a directorship for FitzPercy. She says it will be the cheapest way to pay him. Fail to see that we owe him anything, especially since his failure with the Club. However, wife says he is really useful, and he might go to the Unified Sweaters. Must have directors, so not unfair to shareholders and no expense to us. He is an Honorable and has lodgings in Mayfair; will not look bad But decide to give merely half promise for the present; no use in making these favors cheap, and it will stimulate him to canvass more energetically at the Y. Y. Club than he did on the ———. Cuthbert writes that young Lord Parley has consented to come to Wedworth for Easter. It will do him good to be in a refined English home. C. adds that he wants to borrow £30. Sent check, but shall deduct it out of C.'s allowance. Cannot be taught carefulness too soon.

April 12.

Arrived at Wedworth with wife and dear Florence. Had two open barouches to meet us at the station, one for us and one for Bingley—must impress the people with proper sense of our position, though I personally am all for unpretentiousness. Maids, etc., in wagonette. Coachman and footmen look well in their new gold cockades. Villagers, however, apathetic. Sad decay of proper respect for their superiors in country districts

Find absurd letter from Aunt Rebecca. Says doctor advises change of air. Nonsense: she is by the beautiful sea already, at Southend; what more can she want? Suggests coming down here! Yes, and no doubt would tell Parley all about Olditch. Instruct Bingley to express regret, etc.

April 13.

Good Friday. Do not think it necessary for me to go to village church; sent Bingley to escort my dear wife, who thinks, perhaps rightly, that our position demands that she should go.

Do not altogether like young Lord Parley. He was rather offhand with my wife at dinner, when she showed such a kindly interest in his relations. Also drank too much claret, I thought. Very bad at his age and expensive. Have ordered Johnson to serve the twelve shillings a dozen Medoc at dinner.

April 14.

If young Parley's manners are typical of his class it is time indeed that they made way for more refined people. He actually, at dinner, after tasting the claret, too, complained of a headache and asked if he might have champagne! He has a bad influence on Cuthbert, who afterward had the impertinence to tell me he was ashamed of the claret! What vulgarity! I explained to him that, since everybody knew I could give £10 a bottle for it if I chose, it was unnecessary to fling away money on expensive vintages—unnecessary and vulgar.

April 16.

One of the most trying days I have ever had, though Heaven knows my life has been full of trials. First: walking through the village in the morning, at least four men did not touch their hats. There ought to be a punishment for such disrespect; it comes to this, that if a man of my position is to escape insult he must not leave his park gates. I don't know what the country's coming to with all this Radical sin all at Second: the vicar, whom my wife very kindly and I think unnecessarily, invited to lunch, had the impertinence, when I mentioned the fact to him, to excuse these impertinent villagers, hinting that we had not been long in the place and suggesting that they were annoyed not to have had their usual sports in my park Never heard of such impertinence! A beggarly fellow like this dares to criticise me! I could keep a thousand of his kind and not feel it. However, told him pretty plainly what I thought of their impudence, and their only honoring their superiors for what they can get out of them. After that, he started a conversation with Bingley about Oxford, I hope without intention to annoy me, but he ought to have remembered I was not at a university. Bad taste. Sent B. to library immediately after lunch and took vicar to show him new electric light in the cattle sheds. He said something of the way the villagers were housed and hinted I might do something for them. These parsons seem to think we have nothing to do with our money but throw it away on a set of worthless people who can't appreciate its value. Third annoyance: found Bingley actually laughing with my daughter Florence in the library. Unbecoming in both of them. If B. forgets his position he must go. My wife has spoken sharply to Florence, who hardly seemed to realize our present position in society. Fourth and worst annoyance: Parley's conduct at dinner. Asked me if the miser in the picture was an ancestor. There might have been nothing in that; he might not have understood the subject, though rude to assume that an ancestor of mine might have been in rags. But he and, I regret to add, Cuthbert, too, seemed trying not to laugh.

April 23.

Returned to town. Carriages to station as before. In town met simply by two-horse brougham, Bingley following in cab. One is only a unit in this great city, and for my part I much prefer so to sink myself among its poorest citizens, and feel in sympathy with them. Found in city that my manager had increased two of the clerks' salaries by ten pounds a year without consulting me. Pleads exceptional zeal, but I won't have it. Utterly bad principle. It is their duty to be zealous. Manager says he will make it up himself. Fool! he will never make a fortune.

April 26.

Dined with the Bloxhams. Very respectable people; poor, but well connected. Bloxham, who is on the Stock Exchange, probably thinks I can help him; but why should I? Champagne beyond what he can afford, '89 wine. Mem.: I fear I exceeded my customary allowance by a glass or two. Asked him what it cost him and he said 150 shillings a dozen, but by buying remaining stock of wine merchant could no doubt get it cheaper.

May 1.

My wife has had a long talk with Lady Middlewick, who is back in town, about dear Florence and Lord Parley. Wishes these young people to see a great deal of each other, and hopes they will grow to be fond of one another. Beautiful idea; he will be a marquis some day and my dear girl will well become the position. His personal character a drawback, but no doubt that is only boyish folly and he will grow out of it. My wife is sure he has a good heart. Have written to Cuthbert to invite Lord Parley to stay with us in the summer holidays.

May 5

Disturbing letter from Cuthbert. Says that this is his last term at Eton; he wants to have a good time and must have more money. Am strongly of opinion that this is unnecessary. His companions must surely respect him as my son, knowing my position, and therefore needless to spend money entertaining them. Point this out to C., but tired of trying to make him see these elementary facts.

May 7.

Insubordinate letter from Cuthbert. Says he doesn't

Angry ... about how called ...

care whether his companions respect him or not, but wants to enjoy himself. He is a fool. However, on my wife's entreaties have sent him a check. Ask again about Parley.

May 9

Parley has refused! I believe Cuthbert kept this back till he got the check. Such duplicity sickening, and without excuse. I treat him fairly and expect to be treated fairly in return. Puzzled by Florence's conduct. Had occasion to speak rather sharply to Bingley at lunch, whereupon she turned quite red and I saw her go up and speak to him afterward. This won't do. I look upon him simply as a salaried servant. Explained this to Florence, who said that was no reason for being rude to him. This idiotic equality nonsense will be the ruin of this country.

May 10.

Florence puzzling again. Saw her, while driving up Park Lane, talking earnestly with that abominable Lady Cartley, who has been most impertinent both to my wife and me, and actually cut my poor wife in the street

Florence, when questioned, said she thought it kind of Lady C. not to drop *her*, too. Absurd humility; we might be in the dark ages. Told Florence *we* had dropped Lady C., and explained her infamous conduct trying to extort money. No effect on F How bitterer than a serpent's bite!

He actually, . . . after tasting the claret, too, complained of a headache and asked if he might have champagne!

May 12.

Most awkward thing happened to-day to my poor wife. The dear Duchess—I think she is really attached to my wife, but I confess I am nervous about ever being repaid that money—was with my wife this afternoon when who should be announced but Aunt Rebecca. It shows how we are at the mercy of people who have no sense of the fitness of things. As my wife says, it is not that we are ashamed of having relations in humbler spheres of life, but it is not fair to people like the Duchess. However, it seems that Aunt Rebecca was very quiet, only she would say "Your Ladyship" instead of "Your Grace." Absurd ignorance—it is years since I made that sort of mistake. My wife, when I had come in and taken Aunt Rebecca off to the library, explained to the Duchess that she is an oddity and that Uncle Ben married much beneath him. Of course, Aunt R. is really my mother's sister, but how tactful! Duchess no doubt impressed with our respectability. Painful half-hour with Aunt Rebecca.

May 23.

Our dinner-party last night a great success. I felt a glow of pride as I looked round the table and felt that here was I, a so-called self-made man, entertaining at my own board on equal terms the noblest in the land. Right not to grudge expense. Calculate it at about £3 a head, not counting flowers. Not a man there who was not either a peer or as good as one, or eminent for wealth or politics or something, and the ladies, their wives, or women of the same class. I must say thought it a mistake to invite Fluffins, who is only a novelist, but my wife says he goes everywhere and necessary to complete representative character of dinner.

Got on splendidly with the Duchess, who, of course, sat on my right. In fact, I rather think I have made an impression in that quarter. I am the least vain man in the world, and do not attribute it to my personal appearance, but women admire brains and strength of will and success, I suppose, and it would be false modesty to deny that in *those* respects she might search a long while before finding my match Anyhow, she what I should have called in old days flirted with me. She looked so bright while I talked to her, and complained that I never went to see her. Hem! Of course I should never dream of countenancing with my example the bad morals I am told are only too prevalent among our aristocracy, or do anything to distress my dear wife, but no harm in a few soft speeches, like I made to the Duchess later. She turned away rather abruptly, probably not to show how pleased she was. I flatter myself I can read women. A duchess! Well, well!

May 25.

Found the Duchess alone and had a long talk with her. She is really a refined woman. Seemed to understand the difficulties of a position like mine and how I long to be out of it all and live simply with the humble folk in a village somewhere, if only duty allowed me. She, too, finds her position full of trouble. Hinted at pecuniary embarrassment, but I changed the subject back to country life. It would have been wicked to let sordid matters intrude on such a talk. She said our ideas were much alike. I ventured to say I hoped

(Continued on Page 30)

SOPHOMORES ABROAD

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

Author of "The Diary of a Harvard Freshman"

— 'two Americans — in England — dining at a thoroughly French restaurant — chiefly for the purpose of hearing a Hungarian orchestra play Italian music"

PART II

I'M SURE I never could write a book of travel. The people who do are a constant source of astonishment and admiration to me. It isn't exactly because they know such a lot, for although I can only occasionally remember who built St. Paul's Cathedral, and the sum total of Henry the Eighth's wives, I've no doubt I could inform myself on those subjects if my ignorance began to worry me. It's because they seem to feel so much. Almost everything in the country they happen to be telling about impresses them—moves them to write an exhaustive page or two. I often wonder if their powers of observation are actually so great—their sympathies so broad—their emotions so sensitive, or if they are, most of the time, really boring themselves to death just to make the volume complete. This occurred to me particularly the other day when I realized how few things in comparison I felt like writing about at all. And since then it has been a question with me whether a diary in Europe ought to go in for politics, religion, the rotation of crops and the economical cremation of garbage, or whether it ought merely to tell of things that somehow stick in your mind and, even when you're tired and sleepy, slide easily off the end of your pen. When I asked Berri what *he* thought, he said that, since I restricted him to a choice between the shallow and the insincere, he would choose shallowness every time as it is so much less trouble. This doesn't help me, exactly.

One thing, however, I do know, and that is, I never could go at those other things—the things that make the volume complete—until London had begun to dazzle me a little less than it does now. Berri scorns the idea of anything British ever dazzling anybody.

"One can be appalled, overwhelmed, dejected or enraged by London—but not dazzled; never in the world," he says. "Why, if this sort of thing dazzles you, I'll be leading you around by a string when we get to Paris. But then," he added, "I love France, and somehow, to one who loves France, England's greatest appeal must ever be made by her [illegible]."

Perhaps our arrival seemed more dazzling to me because the trip from Liverpool was—to quote Mildred—like cutting the leaves of an Anthony Trollope novel. "Of course, we've cut them before—all except Tommy; but this is a new edition," she mused as the train whisked past a double row of neat hedges, between which we saw for an instant a clergyman who had stopped to speak to a stout, red-faced lady driving an overfed pony in a basket phaeton.

"Yes," replied Berri, waving toward the little scene, "that's the climax of Chapter 97, Volume II, in which the vicar tells the mayor's lady on her way home from tea with the doctor's family that old Mrs. Smithers' rheumatism is bad again."

I have seen in our own country fields as green and trees as stately and villages as peaceful as those between Liverpool and London, but I had never seen before fields and trees and villages that looked so thoroughly as if they belonged to one another. Whether the view we got as we flew along was of a fat and rolling pasture with low-branched oak trees clustered in the purple haze, or one of those fresh, moist, leafy English lanes, or a tiny meadow with tired men resting on the hay, or a church tower pushing through the billowy treetops—no matter what it was, it always gave me the feeling that it had assumed its final form. Even Berri, although he doesn't like England, admits that though you might add to rural England at its best, or subtract from it—you couldn't improve it; it's finished. Yet he declares that the race is almost devoid of a sense of beauty. We squabbled about this in the train, and to my most convincing argument, which was:

"But look about you—look out of the window! How do you account for it? It surely isn't accident;" he answered complacently: "Oh, yes; I think it is, very largely. It depends almost entirely on the fact that both land and lumber have been scarce for so long. The fields are of a size to give you that intimate, cozy, homelike feeling; and they're marked off by hedges. If there were more land the spaces would be larger, and if there were more boards the spaces would be separated by fences advising us to try Patterson's Purple Pellets for Pained People. That's really all there is to it." This was very well, but it didn't explain, for instance, the happy absence in the villages we passed of what my professor in philosophy calls "the Græco-Baptist style of church architecture." However, there was no use in remarking on this; Berri would have wriggled out of it in some way.

There are several persons in the world who positively scare me at times by knowing just what is going on in my head and telling me about it when I haven't had the slightest intention of conveying my reflections to them. Mamma is one and Berri is another. Mamma as a rule confines her mind-reading propensities to matters of ethics and hygiene; she always divines, for instance, the moment at which you have privately decided to do something that isn't good for you. As papa says:

"I don't undertake to explain your mother; I simply resign myself to the fact that she has 'intuitions.'"

As Berri probably doesn't care whether you do things that are good for you or not, he surprises you in other ways. It was in the cab on the way from the station that he suddenly laughed and came out with: "Why is it, I wonder, that we don't just take things for what they're worth, instead of eternally weighing them in the balance with something different?" I don't suppose I should have known what he meant if this wasn't precisely what I had been doing.

"You haven't heard me making any contrasts," I declared.

"Well, if they aren't audible—that's about the only thing they aren't," he answered; and I couldn't help confessing that he was right. For arriving in London was so different from any arriving I had done before, that I found myself taking in all the details as if they were of tremendous importance, and telling myself they were either better or worse than those of other places—places at home. To begin with, instead of one or two porters whom somebody else always succeeds in getting, there was a prodigal number of efficient giants who knew much better than you did what you wanted done, and who firmly, yet politely, took possession of you and proceeded to do it. (The politeness of English servants, by the way, strikes an untraveled American as positively embarrassing. On the dining-car the waiter gravely murmured "Thank you" every time he handed us anything—whether we took it or not. Berri says: "Though the American servant has no manners whatever, he has a very kind heart. The manners of an English servant, on the other hand, are perfect; but when hearts were passed around he helped himself to a gizzard. 'You pays your money and takes your choice'—especially the former.")

Then, too, when we got out of the train (getting out of a European train makes you feel as if you were escaping through the window) there was a long row of cabs inside the station, just across the narrow platform. As you emerge from your compartment your carriage literally "blocks the way;" which is so logical and convenient, and altogether unlike anything you have experienced before, that it seems almost uncanny. I thought that with papa and mamma, Mildred, Aunt Josephine, Berri and I and all our luggage we should need about five of the little boxed-up vehicles—"four-wheelers," they call them. But no, indeed; when I suggested it one of our porters reproved me with a look that would have been paternal if it hadn't been so polite, and said that two would do very well. I felt sure that when he saw all the trunks and bags and bundles of rugs we had he would change his mind, and I went forward to the baggage car (I mean "luggage van") to pick out our things. This performance struck me as rather primitive and careless. The passengers hadn't been given checks for anything, and as they stood near the car exclaiming "That's mine—and this one—and this one!" it looked a little as if they were at some sort of a bargain sale appropriating whatever took their fancy. Perhaps I was particularly impressed by the casual manner in which it was done from the fact that when I turned to mamma and said, "Is this small trunk yours?" she examined it for a moment and then replied, "I'm not sure; but it might be," and we had it put on one of our cabs.

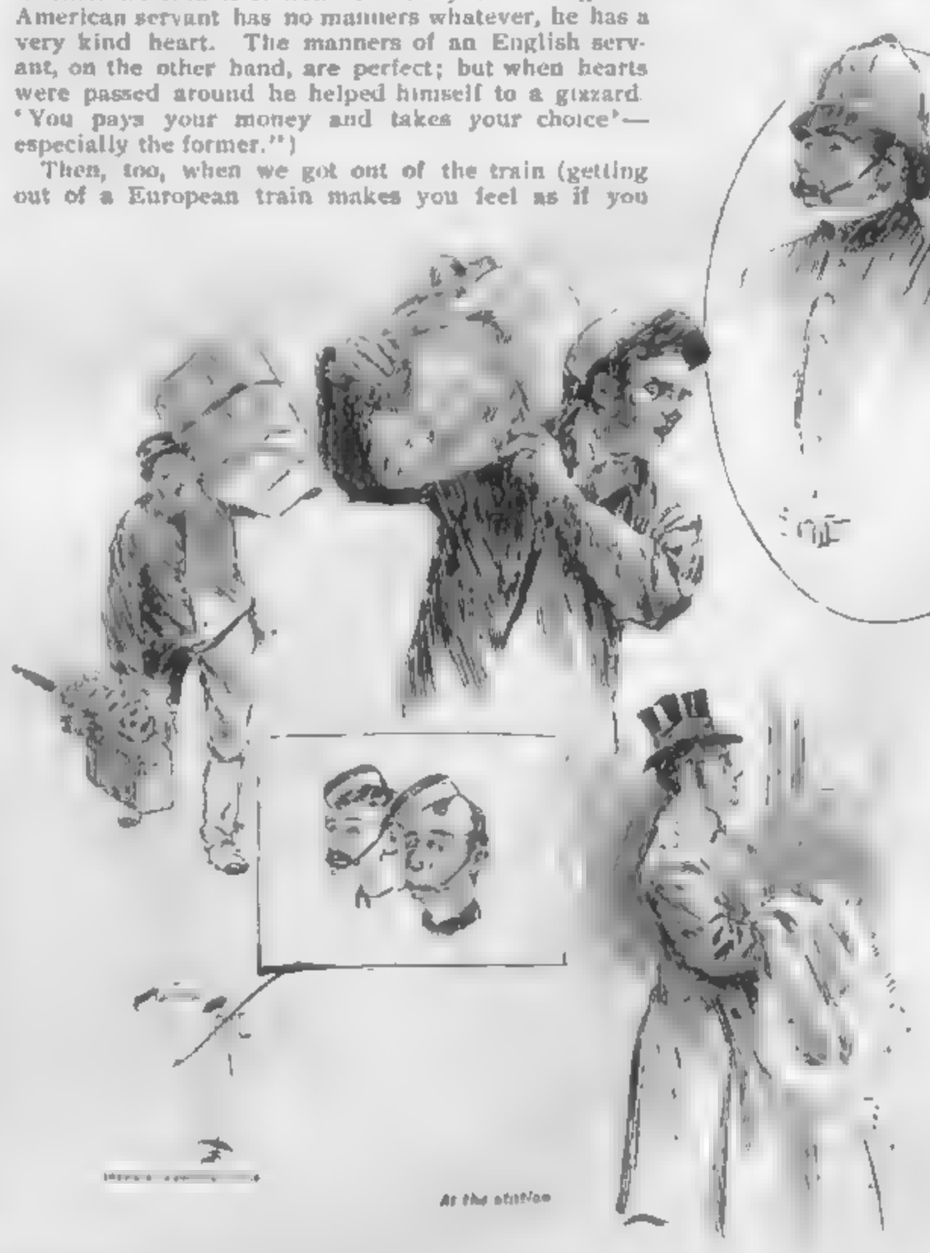
Oh, those little four-wheelers! their frames must be of the best steel. When ours were finally loaded there was so much superstructure that the cab itself almost disappeared like the hull of a freight ship, and I knew that the pictures I had seen all my life in English funny papers and thought impossible were more or less true. We ended by getting a third cab—not because it was necessary, but because mamma and Aunt Josephine declared that, even if they had survived the horrors of the Atlantic, they didn't consider themselves immortal.

"It strikes me as most irrational," mamma exclaimed, when Mildred insisted that she would be perfectly safe, "to build a wobbling pyramid of horrible trunks and then go sit under it."

Aunt Josephine was especially willing that there should be a third vehicle as it diminished the chances of her having to speak to Berri—whom she hadn't forgiven for putting all his tobacco on the top tray of her steamer-trunk just before we landed. So we finally threaded our way out of the crowded station in a little procession of three: papa and Mildred ahead, mamma and Aunt Josephine next, and Berri and I bringing up the rear.

Almost every day since I've been here I've got an impression from something or other that, I've told myself, I should never forget. Of course, I shall forget most of them; or at least they will blur a little as we travel more—all but one. And that is driving for the first time through the West End of London at half-past eleven o'clock on a warm July evening. That, I think, I shall always be able to recall and marvel over. A week of the sea—an afternoon of quiet fields and sleepy villages; then suddenly London at "the height of the season."

The whole city was giving out a soft, luminous haze; for besides the street lights and the gliding lamps of cabs and carriages and omnibuses, the solid miles of low, massive, consequential houses we passed were thrown open to the night air from top to bottom and glowing at every door and window. As we rumbled along over our mountain of luggage we peered into brilliant rooms and caught glimpses of magnificent footmen in magnificent hallways holding magnificent wraps for magnificent, bare-shouldered women. Even Mildred, when she's dressed for a party, always thrills me a little, and that night, as I've said, I was simply dazzled. For when we got away from the more private streets and the great aristocratic squares with little parks in the centre and fortresses of historic-looking dwellings surrounding them, we came all at once to where the blazing theatres and music-halls were disgorging into the golden night. Thousands and thousands of men and women in evening dress streamed along the sidewalks and flowed over into the street among the carriages. They sauntered past—the men without overcoats and the ladies, many of them, with neither a hat nor a wrap. It was as if a gigantic ballroom had suddenly



At the station

Editor's Note—This is the second of six papers by Mr. Flandrau descriptive of the experiences and adventures abroad of the Harvard Sophomores, Granny and Berri. The next paper will appear in three weeks.

taken wings and fluttered down into the middle of a great city. And there was about it all the same undercurrent of restrained eagerness you are aware of in a ballroom. No one was in a hurry exactly; yet, as the tall, white-gloved men and shimmering women sank into carriages or drifted past on foot, you felt that for them the night was young, they were "going on." They had been to a dinner probably, and a play, and now there was supper to be eaten somewhere, and then later there was, perhaps, a dance. It was this spectacle that gave me my first idea of London's hugeness. These were merely the people who could afford to put on good clothes and amuse themselves; and yet the social machine of London is so colossal that you feel as if everybody in the world had all at once become part of it For a moment the whole of life seemed to be a long, glowing summer evening and the pursuit of pleasure I was so astounded by it all—the lights, the slow crowd, the great, top-heavy, lurching omnibuses, the swift, silent hansom cabs, the omnipotent policemen, who with calm, uplifted fingers bring the universe to a stand still, the adorable soldiers swaggering through it all two by two, in a sort of brilliant scarlet rhythm—I was so absorbed by these sights (and Berri was, too) that at first we didn't pay any attention to our driver when he leaned around to the window and asked us what hotel we were going to

"Why—come to think of it, I don't know," Berri at length answered. "Follow the others," he then shouted But our man had lost the others, which was his reason for asking us our destination in the first place. A policeman had stopped him in order to let the waiting crowd cross a side street and at that moment the rest of our party had faded away. We discussed the matter at first without any particular anxiety, for it didn't seem very important somehow; but when Berri dropped the subject altogether and began to regret that we had arrived too late to go to a music hall, the driver (who had got off his box) showed signs of impatience

"Well, I have only one suggestion to make," Berri declared, and it sounded as if he were doing both the driver and me a great favor by making even one. "Aunt Josephine used to stay at a little hotel in Half Moon Street—Parkyns' Hotel, I think it was. She's a creature of habit, so it's possible that she has gone there this time and persuaded your people to do the same. We might drive there and find out." This sounded sensible and reassuring, as Half Moon Street was comparatively near the place at which the families had been torn asunder. However, when we reached the dim, quiet little locality there was no Parkyns' anywhere, and one of those bleary, sodden, hopeless-looking men who inevitably rise through the pavement in London whenever a cab draws up to the curbstone, told us (for a penny) that Parkyns had closed his doors the year before.

"'Then the will was a forgery and Lady Muriel's chyild was found murrrrderrrred. I suspect foul play in this,'" Berri quoted from his favorite drama—Alone in London, or some such thing. "Now *you* think of something," he added; "my suggestion doesn't seem to have been very illuminating."

But as I hadn't heard papa mention the subject of hotels I couldn't think of a thing. There was really nothing to do but postpone our search until morning and find a place of our own. Berri knew of two on Jermyn Street next door to each other; but as they both looked so much alike we couldn't immediately decide on either. This made it somewhat embarrassing for a moment (Berri, however, didn't seem to mind it in the least), as our driver had stopped neither at one door nor the other, but between the two, and the porters who had run out from both places had to stand in suspense while we tossed up a shilling.

Our luggage for two young men was preposterous. There were two enormous trunks—the kind that are made especially for fussy dresses. Then there was a bundle of rugs with some unmistakably feminine parasol handles sticking out of one end, and three refined and ladylike little leather bags containing only the things that mamma, Mildred and Aunt Josephine couldn't possibly do without. I hadn't realized that there was nothing of our own in the collection until the stern woman who managed the hotel asked us, without the glimmer of a smile, what pieces we wished to have taken to our rooms, and Berri collapsed on one of the trunks

"I speak to sleep in Aunt Josephine's dinner-dress," he giggled—"the one with the train and blue spangles."

No one was in a hurry exactly; . . . the tall, white-gloved men and shimmering women . . . drifted past

While he was rocking to and fro I explained to the manager-lady what had happened. She didn't seem to grasp the situation very clearly, but Berri, when I told him about it on the way upstairs, said I mustn't infer from this that she wasn't grasping

"I know this kind of a hotel of old," he declared; "it's what they call a 'private' hotel. There probably isn't any dining-room, because you're supposed either to have a private one or dine out every evening; and there won't be any bells in the bedrooms, because it's assumed that you travel with a servant who knows your every unspoken speech and unthought thought. In fact, there really won't be much of anything except an uninterrupted procession of tall, brass hot-water pitchers and privacy. Oh, there'll be privacy to throw to the birds—about ten dollars' worth every day. Don't you notice a general air of arsenical wall-paper and melancholia? A don't-speak-loud-because-everybody-died-this-morning-and-it's-all-very-sad sort of feeling? Well, that's privacy. After about a day and a half of it you feel as if you'd like to go and live in some nice, cheerful place like a department store or a railway station."

Even if you don't altogether agree with Berri (and I rarely do) there is usually something in what he says. The private hotel, however (we stayed there for three days), didn't depress me in the least, although, as he predicted, it was excessively private. We had two enormous, musty and hideous rooms, furnished in a style that Berri said was no doubt considered extremely elegant in the early sixties. There was a clock that didn't go, under an elongated glass bubble in the middle of the mantelpiece. It was one of those square, black marble affairs with a simpering, metallic woman, a dog and a goat perched on the roof. Berri uncovered the group and then, when I wound the clock up and it struck twenty-nine without stopping to take breath, he dropped the bubble on the hearth. On one corner of the mantelpiece there was a round box with small shells glued all over it, and on the other there was a little easel supporting a calla-lily painted on black plush

In each room there were two engravings and a sort of chromo. My art gallery consisted of The Finding of Moses, The Soldier's Farewell, and Fast Friends (a horrid little girl shaking hands with a Newfoundland dog). Berri's collection was made up of The Beggar's Dream, Et Tu, Brute, and Playing Grandma (another repulsive child trying on a pair of spectacles). Into the back of every chair a strip of worsted "fancy work" had been incorporated, and the beds (they would have made delightful tennis-courts) were, in height and temperature, even as the dizzy Jungfrau.

Berri caught a splendid cold from sleeping in his the first night (the linen was never quite dry), and after that he used to say: "Well, I think it's time to get dressed and go to bed" After dark all these mediæval relics were dimly outlined by the light of two tall, slim candles—that is to say, they were until Berri trisected each candle, thus causing six suffocated little points of light to flare and sputter where only two had done so before

"Isn't it charming of them!" he exclaimed when we got them all lighted and groped our way about the room—with our hands over our eyes, pretending that we were blinded by the glare. "I never knew before that there was anything so clever and obliging except a worm."

Now there must have been some one besides ourselves staying at that hotel, because on a little marble-topped table near the front door there were always fifteen or twenty letters and telegrams. But we never saw anybody giggling over the improbable names on them as we did

In fact, during the three days of our stay, with the exception of one red-faced, Roman-nosed, military-looking gentleman who glared at us through a single eyeglass and immediately left the breakfast room—perfectly furious, Berri was convinced, because we had intruded on his privacy—we never saw anybody at all. We went and came at every imaginable hour (after midnight you had to ring the door-bell in order to get in—quite as if you were living at home and your family didn't approve of latch-keys), but apparently no one else ever did. Once in a while, as we tiptoed through the upper corridors, open doors would silently swing to and close softly before we reached them. That was the only human indication in the whole place; except, of course, the thoroughly inhuman chambermaids and waiters

We stayed at the hotel for three days because, until we found mamma and papa, Mildred and Aunt Josephine, there really didn't seem to be anything else to do. Our efforts to reunite were futile and hopeless. We began by going into every hotel we saw as we strolled about the streets and asking if a Mr. Wood and party were staying there; but they never

(Continued on Page 33)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶ It is not the fault of the magazines that Christmas does not come on Thanksgiving

¶ At Thanksgiving man differs from the turkey in that he is thankful for the stuffing.

¶ It must not be thought that the Germans are not thrifty merely because they Hoch der Kaiser.

¶ President Roosevelt has a fine grip, but he should use it on the Government and not waste it on mere handshaking.

¶ In England they call the anti-imperialists "Empire Shrinkers." This is better than anything Boston has yet offered.

¶ Boston's aims are so high that it is impossible to believe the report that its elevated road is not proving a success.

¶ Reciprocity being the order of the age, it is hardly fair for England to send over her impecunious noblemen in exchange for our rich bosses.

¶ With free rural mail delivery, cheap telephone service, and regular deliveries from the stores, there is a prospect that the American farmer may soon be suffering from a lack of exercise

¶ By the time the conscientious preacher gets through teaching and preaching the goodness of good and the badness of evil he has to work overtime if he wants to wade into the higher criticism.

¶ In this time of holiday buying avoid those books in which the authors try to write down to the level of children Every good writer knows that if he would reach childhood's real level he must write up to it.

¶ The speculators who hastened the South African War are having a rather long wait for the profits which they expected to gather in overnight, and in the meanwhile the expense of living in England is constantly increasing.

¶ In the latest figures of the census it appears that there are in this country 1,800,000 more men than women. In Europe the difference is the other way. It would seem, therefore, that the disposition in international marriages should be modified. Instead of Europeans seeking American brides due regard for census statistics should change the search to one for American husbands.

Thoroughbreds of the West

YOUNG men go West for business and young men have gone East for their education. That has been the drift, and it still seems to be a natural tendency, equable for the extremes and salutary for the whole country. The conservatism of the oldest communities goes to settle in the newest camp; and reciprocally the sharp wits of Western-bred youth go to get their polish in Eastern colleges and Eastern contact

Though conservatism often seems broken up in the swirl of Western enterprise, it is usually a tenacious influence. If the Eastern boy stays West, he keeps alive a host of fancies about the East that become an object of cult to him and his family. If, after a business experience there, he goes back East to live, he is bolder and broader in affairs.

Likewise, when the boy from the West has finished long courses of study in the East, it may be assumed that for him as an individual a finer equilibrium has been gained. If he returns to mine or ranch or stirring town, he carries with him something more than the impulse of enterprise. The change must certainly have rescued him from overweening confidence in the signs of bare prosperity, for he has felt the gentle forces of tradition and of inherited culture. These are happy sectional exchanges which have been made because of the inadequacy of each part to take care wholly of its own young stock.

But conditions are changing, at least those pertaining to a liberal education in the West, and the change is affecting the flow of student life. Beyond the Mississippi the boys who possess talent, those having ample means, are now beginning to go in increasing numbers to their own State universities. Moreover, for their professional degrees they are quite as likely to be drawn to Stanford or to California on the Pacific Coast as to Harvard on the Atlantic. Or, if they look Eastward at all, it may be no farther than Chicago.

What results from this rather new tendency is a new product in the types of educated youth—a thoroughbred of the West, untouched, except indirectly, by Eastern influence.

The reasons why a boy does well to travel far to an old university are familiar. What are the reasons why he may do better to keep to his own section of the country for his studies, as well as for the chances of business?

To be sure, the two new-rich universities which bound the West have added vastly to its educational prestige. Money lavishly used has provided houses and equipment that the older universities may well envy at their bicentennials; and it has hurried trained instructors to fill the new chairs.

But these great institutions are not doing all or half of the work. State universities also are growing in popularity. This is because they are very thoroughgoing institutions. It is also because boys like to continue associations already begun and which may benefit them throughout life. It is also because there is an increasing feeling that boys born and raised in the West are in better training for their future there if they matriculate where conditions are similar.

The new motto is, "A Western education for a Western boy," just as it is more broadly declared that an American boy needs an American education from start to finish, and that a business man needs to begin as a boy in the counting-room.

There is some narrowness in these generalizations, but there is also much force. Preparation for life means preparation for work, in this country at least, and that preparation which fits conditions is the best. If it puts a man out of joint with his work it is a misfortune, a positive handicap in his race for success, even though such preparation is obtained in the best or oldest universities.

By all means, then, if a boy born and raised in Kansas can do better work in that State because he has been thoroughly bred in its schools, let the country at large, as well as Kansas, have the advantage of Kansas thoroughbreds; and let all the States provide for the fullest equipment of their sons, if that course is demanded for the fullest development of those sections. For there will always be enough who go to the West from Eastern or European universities to maintain points of view that are not wholly native. The West needs both.

—FRANCIS BELLAMY.

It begins to look as though the Boers had taken a ninety-nine-year lease on the last ditch.

Honest Millions and Millionaires

OF ALL the recent visitors to these shores the man who received the finest welcome from educated men and women was Mr. Frederic Harrison. His high standing in the world of letters and of thought, his participation in the larger movements of the past half century, and his close acquaintance with the great figures of the times, all accentuated the respect and admiration of the cultured Americans. He made a tour of this country and at the close of his visit he summed up his estimate of the nineteenth century, saying "I make bold to say that intellectually, spiritually, morally, socially, the close of the century, as contrasted with its prime, is to my eyes a picture blurred, darkened, and out of harmony and proportion." He mentioned the war atrocities and horrors of different parts of the world, and the slum conditions of big cities, to show that it was a fall from a higher plane, "with its recrudescence of savagery, with its exploitation of the laborer, and its apotheosis of Capital Even this amiable philosopher used wealth for his climax.

It is the way of the present generation. Accumulations of riches are regarded as worse than the contents of Pandora's box. Wealth is the cause and the factor of evil. Men blame their misfortunes, their failures, their lack of opportunities, their depressions of pocket and of spirit, upon this one condition, and in the wholesale denunciation we almost lose sight of the fact that money does good, and that there is honor even in millions

As a matter of justice, let us recall the circumstances of modern life. It is a commonplace heard every day that no individual can honestly make a million dollars in a lifetime, and the whole assertion is predicated on conditions of a quarter or a half century ago. Even two decades back a loan of a hundred thousand dollars was unusual, but to-day national banks have had to increase their capital to as much as ten millions from the very reason that a loan of a million dollars or more has now become a daily incident.

Take another illustration. Mr. George E. Roberts, the Director of the Mint, has recently shown that a matter of ten cents a day on all wages of the United States would mean the enormous total of $750,000,000 a year. A small fraction of a cent on a commodity or article of general use means a great fortune for the owner of it. The millions from transportation come from the fractions of earnings on train loads. If we should depend for our millionaires upon the finding of great nuggets of gold or the making of the total fortunes in lumps the list would be very small. It is as certain as anything can be that with the multiplication of human wants the wealth from small profits will vastly grow.

In the big and perplexing problems of wealth there must be hope for all who study recent tendencies. That there are evils from the misuse and vulgar display of money, and dangers from its unlimited employment, is the admission of the age in which we live; and some of the best thought is being put upon the problems, not only by those who work for the interests of humanity in an unselfish and impersonal way, but by those who own the riches.

It seems to us that no one can study the facts without finding both hope and satisfaction. At the worst the drift is not the wrong way. Even Mr. Harrison, though not an optimist, is not a pessimist, but, to use the phrase of a great English writer, "a meliorist, who may believe that things are bad and may be even worse—but still are certain to be better one day."

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

In human life the most terrible wilderness is the solitude of a great city.

The Age of Wireless Miracles

IF THE enthusiasts on the subject of the wireless transmission of electricity were to be believed we should feel ourselves on the verge of a revolution in all the conditions of life. Telegraphing, telephoning, lighting lamps, steering torpedoes and exploding mines at a distance without wires have already been accomplished, and the inventors tell us that these things can be done hundreds and even thousands of miles away. They say that the earth is a vast reservoir of electricity, and that when we know how to tap it we can carry little instruments in our pockets and make our power felt as if by magic wands in any direction and at any distance. The miracles of Bulwer Lytton's Vril seem within our grasp.

But it is not necessary to believe all that these enthusiasts tell us to see that we are on the eve of great changes. The things that have already been accomplished are enough to prove that, even if improvements stop short. For instance, consider the meaning of that incident at sea the other day when the Lucania and the Campania talked to each other in mid-ocean, a hundred and seventy miles apart, and a passenger on the westbound ship sent a message to a friend in Philadelphia which was transmitted from the eastbound vessel by wireless telegraphy to Ireland and thence by cable to America, enabling the Philadelphian to be at the dock in New York when his friend's ship came in.

That means that we already have a weapon that can conquer all the dangers of fogs, darkness and mistaken observations at sea. It means that in war it will be impossible henceforth for a fleet to drop out of sight as Cervera's squadron did in 1898, but that a hostile squadron can be traced with the help of relays of scouts from one side of the Atlantic Ocean to the other. It means that every group of islands in the world can be made a unit, as the Hawaiian group is already, without the expense of laying cables. It means that telegraph and telephone monopolies will be enormously impaired

Draw a circle two hundred miles in diameter in any of the more densely populated parts of the country and see what a tremendous field there is for a device that has already proved its ability to cover such an area. The revolution may not be so great as the inventors predict, but that there will be a revolution is clearly manifest. And it is already upon us.

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

Why Our Farmers are Thankful

By Bernard Willis Snow

Crop Expert

THE past season tested the metal of the American farmer. At no period was he favored with normal conditions for any length of time, and from the day the first furrow was turned in the spring until the last crop was housed in the fall it was a period of hard work and justifiable anxiety. Untimely frosts, blazing sunshine, lack of rainfall, insect enemies, and Nature generally out of joint, conspired to bring about a condition that in almost any other country would have resulted in famine; yet, by pluck, industry and intelligent application of scientific methods of agriculture, the American farmer closed the season with the satisfaction of knowing that he had wrested continued prosperity from niggardly Nature

Our tiller of the soil is no mere human machine bound by custom or tradition to the methods of his ancestors; he is a keen, careful and intelligent student, versed in Nature's secrets, and prepared so to modify his operations as to secure the best possible results from the conditions which surround him. Frequently American agricultural success is attributed to the general use of improved implements and labor-saving machinery, but the great underlying reason is the fertilization of American agriculture with American brains

In any year the American farmer has reason to be thankful that his lines are cast in a land where the tiller owns the soil, where the crushing wait of absentee landlordism is unknown, where agriculture is in fact as well as theory the noblest occupation, and where, by the sweat of his brow, he not only earns a competence but can enjoy every advantage, social and intellectual, that is granted to any class in our common country This year he has especial reason to be thankful that by the practical application of scientific principles he has been able to secure moderate returns for his labor in a season which, a generation ago here, or now in any other country, would have involved pinching failure if not absolute want. There is much of the secret workings of Nature yet to be learned, but enough is now utilized in our rural industry to render the farmer at least partially independent of Nature's vagaries.

Even when the material results of the year's campaign are reviewed there is much that stands out as a cause for thankfulness. It is true that corn, the greatest cereal crop that the world knows, furnishes only about 1,350,000,000 bushels against a normal supply of over 2,000,000,000 bushels; but on the other hand, the wheat crop passes all records with 750,000,000 bushels, and is so distributed that those sections shortest on corn have a wheat crop larger in size and finer in quality than ever before produced. Nature's law of compensation makes good a deficiency in one line with an abundance in another. Grass, in all its forms, the most valuable crop in our agriculture, is this year deficient, but as a compensation opportunity has been afforded to save and utilize the fodder on millions of acres of corn, and forage for cattle will be both abundant and cheap. Apple orchards yielded less than half a normal crop, but peaches and small fruits have been abundant to make good in some measure the loss of the king of fruits.

If a distinction be made between the farming class as a whole and the individuals who are aggregated to make this whole, the financial returns of the year's work are greater than those of last season The distribution, however, is such that not only many individuals but many great sections of the country have not fared so well. In practically every line of production prices are higher than last year; this condition, of course, adding to the bank accounts of those who have secured even fair crop returns, but being of little significance to those districts that have little or no crop surplus above domestic requirements. The advance in the price of corn makes the aggregate value of the short crop almost as great as the value of the larger crop last year, wheat is higher; other cereals, roots, hay, cotton, fruits, animal products, and practically all farm products, are selling at higher prices

Our farmers are not in business for a single year, and such is their present financial condition that the results of a single season have but little significance. It is only when comparison is instituted between their position now and a few years ago that the true basis for rural thankfulness can be appreciated. The farmers' prosperity is no little single-year affair, based upon good or bad crops at home or abroad. It is a great tidal wave that is still sweeping onward, and a single year, even though it were positively bad, instead of negatively good, could not check it. It began in 1897 and has moved with increasing volume through five years of fatness. The depths of agricultural depression were reached in 1896, and it is by comparison of the present situation with that existing in that year that the true measure of the farmers' thanksgiving may be appreciated.

In 1896, a bountiful year, the corn crop of the country was worth $491,000,000 on the farm; this year a short crop is worth $700,000,000. Wheat then brought the farmer $310,000,000; this year it nets him $420,000,000. The cotton crop was then worth some $325,000,000; this year something like $500,000,000. The same condition runs through the whole list of soil products, but the prosperity is not alone shown in the annual products. In live stock, which in a measure represents permanent capital, the same showing is made In 1896 the total value of the live stock of the country was $1,860,000,000; to-day it reaches the stupendous total of fully $2,500,000,000, and in this extraordinary advance every class is a sharer.

The American farmer is thankful because year after year his position grows better from every point of view. His capital is growing, his lands are becoming more valuable, his scale of living is advancing, and his intellectual and social advantages keep pace with his improving financial position. The farmer to-day is no longer an isolated individual cut off by location from constant contact with his fellows. The Central West is covered with a network of wires that represent rural telephones and rural exchanges by the thousand, and even individual farms have their switchboards so that different parts of the farm are at all times in touch with the farmhouse. Rural free mail delivery furnishes the city morning daily paper almost as early as in the city, and enables the farm wife to shop by mail quite as readily and with less effort than her urban sister

Electric roads in rural districts are a thing of to-day, and to-morrow electric lighting will supplant kerosene.

How to Handle Tramps and Hoboes

By Francis O'Neill

General Superintendent of Police, Chicago

NOWHERE in the world is there a more hospitable and humane city than Chicago, and her gates have been as open to the most humble and footsore wayfarer as to the celebrity

In consequence of this "open-door" policy Chicago now finds herself in much the same position as that of the generous-hearted and humane housewife of the country village who, being unable to deny bread to the needy applicant, fed all who came, and then discovered that each man showed his gratitude by leaving upon her gate-post a sign which told the entire fraternity of mendicants that they would find within an "easy mark."

The humane and generous treatment which this city has accorded the great army of homeless unfortunates has made it the victim of wholesale imposition, and this well-intended policy of kindness has resulted in making Chicago the winter Mecca of a vast and undesirable floating population. The generosity of Chicago to homeless vagabonds has swelled her criminal calendar and brought reproach upon her reputation for peace and good order.

Because of these lessons in the hard school of experience Chicago faces the winter of 1901-2 with a determination to deal with this problem along more enlightened lines—but not less humanely.

Despite the most stringent police regulations, a great city will have a certain number of homeless vagrants to shelter through the winter. If keep them we must, this can be done with greatest safety and advantage to all concerned in the house of correction or municipal workhouse. There they will be sure of food, clothing, warmth and sleep. They will be sure, too, of baths, of work, and of security from both the temptation and the opportunity to prowl the streets.

Broadly speaking, there is but one dividing line by which the charitably-disposed citizen may even approximately separate the worthy from the unworthy: that line is a *disposition to work*. And it must be confessed that the man who is willing to do honest labor for food and shelter is a rare specimen in this vast army of shabby and tattered wanderers who seek the warmth of the city with the coming of the first snow. For this reason I am convinced that the municipal lodging-house, if strictly and rigorously conducted, would do much toward the solution of this problem. Next to this, as a remedial agent, comes the house of correction. When the tramp comes to understand that if he winters in a certain city he must earn by honest toil his food and shelter, he will strike that city from his winter circuit—and this is what thousands of these vagrants will do when once they realize that in this city a new policy is in force and that the police stations will no longer be turned into free lodging-houses. As Chicago has no municipal lodging-house, the house of correction is the only alternative.

As an old-time desk sergeant and police captain I have had almost unlimited opportunity to study and analyze this class of floating population which seeks the city in winter and scatters abroad throughout the country in the spring. This experience reiterated the lesson that the vast majority of these wanderers are of the class with whom a life of vagrancy is a chosen means of living without work.

I have been astonished at the multitude of those who have unfortunately engaged in occupations which practically force them to become loafers for at least a third of the year. And it is from this class that the tramps are largely recruited. I recall a certain winter when it seemed to me that a large portion of the inhabitants of Chicago belonged to this army of unfortunates. I was stationed at a police station not far from where an ice harvest was ready for the cutters. The ice company advertised for helpers, and the very night this call appeared in the newspapers our station was packed with homeless men who asked shelter in order to be at hand for the morning's work. Every foot of floor space was given over to these lodgers and scores were still unaccommodated

The term hobo covers a variety of well-defined classes. Perhaps the least dangerous are those who beg food from door to door, and make their bed on a newspaper spread on the floor of a police station. The husky "toucher" who asks for a quarter is likely to be out later with a "partner," prepared to take by force what he cannot secure by begging. Men of this class, if they do not belong to a gang of professional criminals, are likely to be found in the low-grade lodging-house. Their manner of work was not long ago illustrated by a startling occurrence in this city. An eccentric bachelor was found dead in his apartments with a raw potato in his mouth. The police department first followed circumstantial evidence pointing to the conclusion that his death had been brought about by some relative who expected to inherit a share of his estate.

Finally, however, it developed that, while walking in a public park, the victim had met two lodging-house criminals. Their conversation interested him and he invited them to his apartments, where he gave them a supper. Then they threw him on the floor, bound him, and gagged him with a potato. Before they finished gathering their booty together he had choked to death.

In Chicago and all large cities holding a spring municipal election the hobo question is intimately connected with politics. For a month preceding that election the inmate of the lodging-house takes on new dignity. A month's residence gives him a vote. One lodging-house in Chicago comprises an entire voting precinct which casts more votes than are polled in the banner "silk-stocking" precinct.

Whatever draws the hobo to a city, I am convinced that there is but one effective way in which to shut him out—and that is suggested in the following paragraph of a general order just issued to the members of the Chicago police force:

The police are fully capable of discriminating between the destitute workingman, who is entitled to all this department can do for him, and the chronic never-do-well who continues to exist on the borderland between crime and charity. The enforcement of the vagrancy laws will drive the latter class from the city or into the house of correction, and thereby minimize a class of crime which has become very common during the winter months

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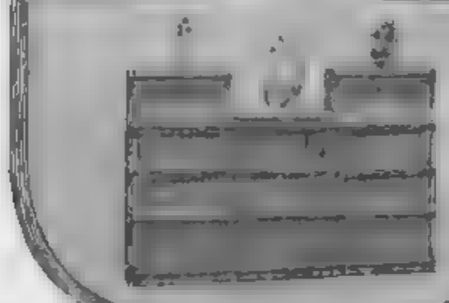

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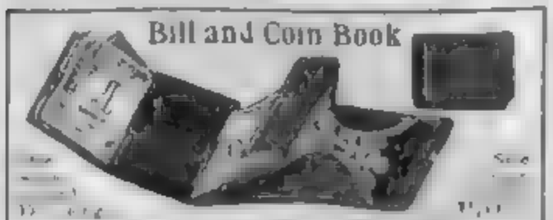

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The Memory of Carlotta

By Charles Battell Loomis

WHAT a beautiful thing is constancy; beautiful in a woman, more beautiful in a man. I think that I never saw a finer exemplification of the divine attribute than in Apthorp Polhemus, whom I met at the Paris Exposition on his second wedding trip

I was visiting for the fourth or fifth time the American art exhibit in the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts, and was proud to have just heard from the lips of a passing Frenchman that with the exception of France there was no nation whose exhibit could compare with that from the United States. While I was still glowing with patriotic fervor a woman entered the first room dragging a reluctant husband after her. "My," said she in a high-keyed, strident voice, "there ain't many pictures in this room, are there?" A rapid twist of the head and room number one was finished, so far as she was concerned, and her energetic feet carried her into the next room where she made a similar remark and hurried her poor, tired husband along. But happening to see Brown's eternal group of street boys with "shining morning faces" she stopped for nearly thirty seconds! Sargent had not appealed to her, Inness had labored in vain, Whistler had plied a useless brush; but she recognized something in the Brown picture and gloated just as long as she had time to do it. "That's elegant," she said to her husband. "That took the $5000 prize at Chicago. Come along, there's three rooms more;" and her husband, ready to drop and with no eye for pictures, even $5000 ones, dragged after her into another room.

A voice at my side said: "There are many people who in the education of their color sense never get beyond Brown."

I chortled appreciatively and turned to see who had spoken. It was Apthorp Polhemus, as I afterward learned—Apthorp Polhemus who, on his second wedding trip, displayed such marked constancy to his first wife

Finding that in art matters our tastes were similar we struck up a ready acquaintance and did the rest of the rooms together.

"Traveling alone?" said I.

"Yes—er—no, no. Mrs. Polhemus is along, but she got overtired yesterday and stayed at the hotel this morning. It seems strange to say Mrs. Polhemus," he went on, his naturally mournful face assuming a more mournful cast. "She *is* Mrs. Polhemus, but not *the* Mrs. Polhemus."

I looked a little puzzled, and he explained as we walked through the galleries, stopping here and there as we were attracted by the works of art

"Ten years ago (Isn't that a characteristic Inness?) I married my first wife, Carlotta, and for five fleeting years we were happy together. We came over here for a wedding trip. (Those lips are just the color of smoked beef.) We came over here for a wedding trip and I knew then what happiness was. (Childe Hassam knows his Fifth Avenue, doesn't he?) Carlotta was fond of music, fond of paintings, fond of sightseeing, and we both felt that Europe had been constructed for our amusement. I was not absent from her for a moment and such a thing as a harsh word was unknown to either of us." (I say, isn't that a poetic treatment of the Brooklyn Bridge? One of Ranger's isn't it? He understands the poetry of the commonplace. I wish Carlotta could have seen that.)"

"Excuse me, but did you say that you are married again?" I asked.

"Yes—oh, yes," said Mr. Polhemus, making a cone of his hand through which to view the picture that had taken his fancy. "I found that I needed to talk to some one of the charms of dear Carlotta, and Helen was very sympathetic and so I married her (Church is at it again. It's always Beauty and the Beast with him.) Then I had the happy thought of revisiting the scenes made dear to me by Carlotta. I live them over again (Now, that's my idea of how a portrait should *not* be painted. The face is only an accessory to the fabrics), and although the present Mrs. Polhemus doesn't pretend to be the equal of Carlotta, either in mind or attractiveness, yet she is a very comfortable traveling companion, and it adds to my mournful pleasure to tell her the delights of that memorable trip ten years ago. (The Senator's Birthplace. Isn't that bleak? It was on just such a bleak New England scene that I met Carlotta.)"

We passed to the next picture, and he suddenly stopped talking and became lost in thought before it. It was the portrait of a noble-looking woman. His eyes moistened and I turned away, not wishing to spy on his emotion

"To the life; Carlotta to the life."

I took especial notice of the picture. It was that of a woman with dark hair and regular and singularly mobile features, old-fashioned and winsome. I thought that if Carlotta looked like that it was no wonder that Mr. Polhemus had loved her. But I afterward visited many a gallery with the married widower, if so I may call him, and he never failed to spot at least one portrait or ideal head that was the painted presentment of Carlotta, and the various pictures did not look any more alike than the numerous portraits of Napoleon. One of them was Rubens' first wife and another was his second wife, both fleshy women, miles removed from the spiritual face that he had first pointed out to me. Yet, after a while, I could tell intuitively when he was going to stop and gaze rapturously at a picture and then say, in low tones: "To the life, my Carlotta." I dare say that he found a reminiscence in all of them; it was certainly not a pose of his There never lived a more simple man than Apthorp Polhemus.

That morning we did the American galleries pretty thoroughly, and I could not tell which pleased me the more, his just and often humorous comments on the pictures, or his revelation of constancy to a departed companion as evinced in his yearning and sympathetic encomiums on Carlotta

At last we parted at the hideous Porte Triomphale, after making an appointment to meet that evening at Vieux Paris to hear a Colonne concert

"Carlotta raved over Colonne and I want the present Mrs. Polhemus to hear the man whose orchestra gave us such happiness."

Those were his words as he hailed a *voiture* and was driven to his hotel

I had been leaning for some minutes over the ramparts of the reproduction of Old Paris, looking at the feast of lights that besprinkled the waters of the Seine, when I saw Mr Polhemus approaching. His sad, pale face looked even more melancholy in the evening light and was in marked contrast to the pretty, fresh, pink-and white features of the lady who had elected to be the recipient of the praises of "Number One." Her voice was as sweet as that of a Southern woman and I regretted for the moment that there had been a Carlotta. But in the end my admiration for the constancy of the bereft traveler became dominant.

He presented me and we went into the hall where the concert was to be given. Picturesque damsels in little caps and short dresses came to us and performed useless offices for which they demand "benefices." I handed one a two franc piece for a program and she retained it, murmuring "Benefice" in so soft a voice that it was not until the music had begun that I realized that I had been cheated. I wondered whether Mr. Polhemus would refer to Carlotta in the presence of Mrs. Polhemus. I was not long kept in doubt. The first number on the program was the Suite Algerienne of St. Saens

"M-m-m-m-m," said Mr. Polhemus as if he had just tasted a delicious grape. "How delightful! One of Carlotta's favorites. My dear Helen, I wish that you had Carlotta's musical sense. You won't like this as she did."

Mrs. Polhemus blushed one of the loveliest colors I ever saw on a satin skin. "No, but I hope I'll like it as *I* do. I'm very fond of St. Saens."

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"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Polhemus, "but she was fond of him with a musician's fondness. Your ears like him, but it was her immortal soul that drank him in."

I was satisfied. Here was constancy to beat the band, as the vulgarians say. How easy it would have been for a man of no convictions to assert that the present Mrs. Polhemus loved music just as much as Carlotta had been wont to. But Mr. Polhemus would not lay perjury to his soul.

When the music again began he was silent and again his eyes moistened, and at the end of the first movement he applauded with tremendous enthusiasm and said:

"I wish that you had known Carlotta, my dear."

"I wish I had," said Helen, and there was a world of meaning in her simple words. I really felt sorry for Mrs. Polhemus. Not because Mr. Polhemus was constant to the memory of his first love, but because she had missed the position herself. In my humble opinion, she was worthy to have been his first choice. And yet it must have been a sort of education to her to learn what a cultured woman like Carlotta had thought of this temple and that statue; of how she had reveled in a tone picture at the Opera or been ravished by a feast of color in the Louvre. Mr. Polhemus knew just what to pick out for her delectation; anything that had received the hallmark of Carlotta's discriminating praise was meet to show to her successor, and, as Helen herself was a woman of innate refinement, I believe that she fully appreciated her benefits, although she may not altogether have shared his love for Carlotta.

I journeyed with them for nearly a week, as we were a congenial trio, and I never saw Mrs. Polhemus in any mood but an amiable one. This was probably because Mr. Polhemus himself was singularly even tempered. I could well believe that he and Carlotta had lived in amity.

Once, at the hotel in Brussels, Mrs. Polhemus said that she did not care for a certain carrot soup, and her husband was overcome with dejection.

"Why, Helen, I am sure I must have told you that Carlotta used to make this kind of soup herself, and it was one of her favorites to the last. I remember she said she was fond of carrots for three reasons: they were so opulent in color, their flavor was just the thing that soup needed, and their long, delicately tapering form reminded her of her mother, whom I never saw. You should like this soup for Carlotta's sake."

Mrs. Polhemus smiled a strange smile, but she did not attempt to finish the soup. However, her widowered husband did not notice it. "To-morrow," said he, "we must go to the park. Carlotta always thought the vistas more beautiful than any in Paris."

And so he was all the time; thoughtful of the comfort of Helen and ingeniously devising means by which she could be made to drink at the fountains which Carlotta's fingers had blessed.

At Antwerp I was to leave them and I I regretted it for more than one reason, but I was not going to do Antwerp until after I had been to Holland. Just as we were entering the outskirts of the city Mr. Polhemus said reminiscently:

"I have put up at two hotels here in Antwerp. One is very good and the other is atrocious. In my student days I stopped at the good one, but when I came with Carlotta I relied on the advice of a traveler and we put up at the bad one—that is, we first put up at it and then had to put up with it. It was the—er—well, no matter now; I have it in my notebook. We passed a horrible night there. The dinner was awful, the service worse, the beds something beyond belief, and the ringing every few minutes of the Cathedral chimes made sleep impossible if nothing else had done so. But Carlotta was so patient under it all. We spent the night sitting on chairs and looking out on an airshaft—looking for air. Every few minutes the bells seemed to be trying to recollect an operatic aria that they had only half heard, and then at the quarters, I think it was, the big bell Carolus would 'Swallow up the universe in sound'—that was Carlotta's poetic phrase—and while its sweet, resonant tones were sounding we felt reconciled to our plight. But it was hot and humid, and the hotel was old and unsavory. Altogether it was one of the most painful recollections of my married life."

"Then, of course, you'll go to the hotel you stayed at when you were a student," said Helen in a matter-of-fact tone.

Mr. Polhemus looked at her in mild surprise. "Why, no, my dear. I would not miss refreshing my memory of that night for worlds. When I think of the saintlike equanimity of dear Carlotta I love her more than ever. I will, if possible, get the same room, and you shall see for yourself what Carlotta——"

It has been remarked by some judge of human nature that women are enigmas. Oh, sapient one! They are. It was not much that Mr. Polhemus had asked. It would be a mere recollection next day. As the Psalmist has said, joy would come in the morning, but Helen forgot the Psalmist, forgot what she owed Mr. Polhemus and the memory of Carlotta, and gave him an angry look that would have pierced a pachyderm.

I was only too glad to bid them good-by when, a minute later, we stopped at Antwerp and they left the railway carriage. I heard her tell the porter the name of the best hotel in Antwerp, so, if Mr. Polhemus did spend the night on a sanctified chair listening to the bells, he did so alone, with nothing but the memory of Carlotta for a companion.

My way after that led through Holland and I did not expect to see any more of the Polhemuses, as they were going to Dusseldorf from Antwerp. But travelers do not always hold fast to their itineraries, and a week later, in The Hague, as I stood in front of Paul Potter's Bull, wondering whether my judgment was poor or Mr. Potter had been too highly praised, I heard a familiar voice behind me, that of a woman. She said: "Why in the world is the man pushed off to one side? He looks as if he'd fall out of the frame. I think he must have been put in as an afterthought, after the bull was finished."

I could feel her companion wince. "Don't, my dear. You are positively sacrilegious. That is the most celebrated cattle picture in the world, and Carlot——"

"Mr. Polhemus, I must remind you once for all that *I* am Mrs. Polhemus now, and my opinion is that Troyon would have painted that bull and man far better."

Let those who will gloat over Mr. Polhemus' discomfiture. I could not. I escaped unseen into the crowd while Mr. Polhemus, who had harped once too often on the merits of Carlotta, laid his harp aside until he should need it in a duet.

A New Wave-Queller

ONLY within the last few years has the old-fashioned notion about the usefulness of pouring oil upon troubled waters been utilized in a practical way. But vessels nowadays quite often employ this method of stilling the waves in dangerous storms, and, as there is plenty of testimony to show, with marvelous effect. Of course, the oil does not diminish the actual height of the waves, but the merest film of it, spreading over the sea, prevents the billows from breaking into foaming crests, and causes them to assume the harmless aspect of rollers, which pass under the ship instead of dashing over her.

The method usually adopted by mariners has been to breach one or more casks of oil, and permit the contents to leak out slowly in the wake of the vessel. This is a somewhat primitive way of accomplishing the purpose, and quite a number of Yankee inventors have tried to devise some better means for distributing the fluid. The latest patents in this line are for oil-carrying projectiles, designed to be thrown out upon the water and to burst, scattering the oil broadcast.

Most of these shells are supposed to be exploded by gunpowder or chemicals—a plan somewhat objectionable, perhaps, in view of the danger of setting fire to the oil in the vessel's path. It is claimed that such a peril is entirely avoided by a new kind of projectile, just patented by a citizen of Germantown, Pennsylvania, and this device is also said to have the great advantage of distributing the oil gradually, instead of making a single violent scattering of its contents.

In this contrivance the body of the shell is of cedar wood, wound with wire. On striking the water, the cover of the front end is broken, liberating the oil. But the special gravity of the shell is such that it floats, mouth upward, and tilting from side to side with the movement of the waves, gradually spills the oil. The water, entering to displace the oil, floats the latter toward the mouth of the projectile until it is all gone. In this manner the utmost possible use is intended to be made of a given quantity of petroleum, with advantage both in economy and effectiveness.

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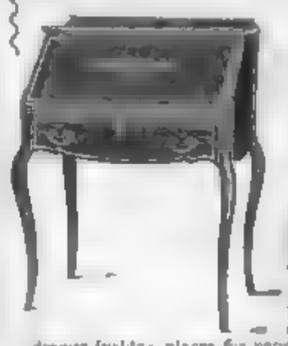

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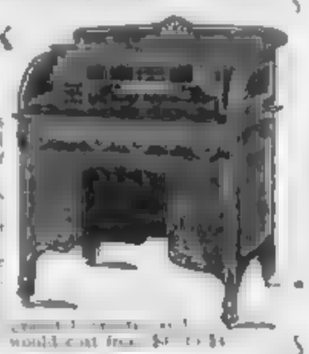

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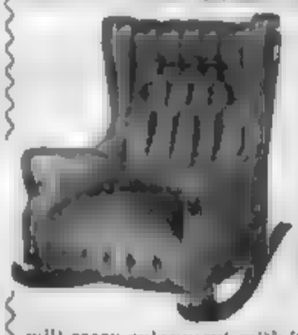

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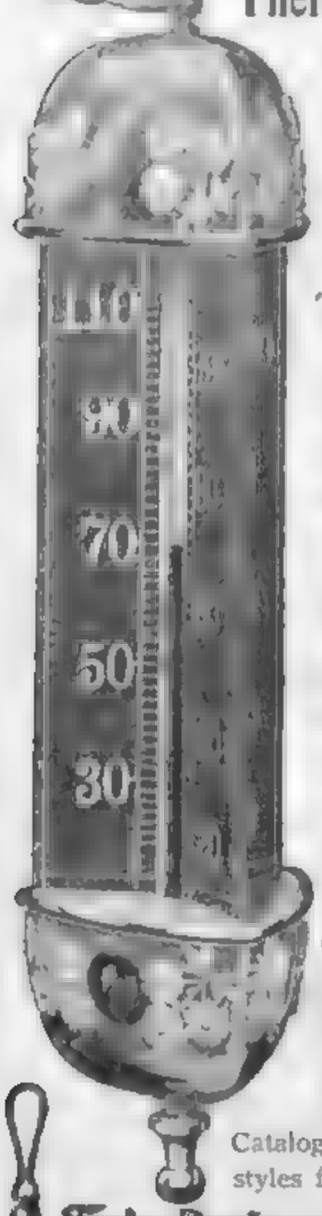

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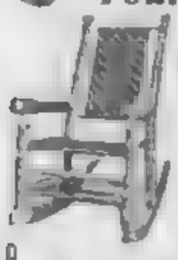

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Business Cadets: Changes and Chances—By A. C. Bartlett

ARE the opportunities for business success which are afforded the young men of the United States to day equal to those faced by the young men who made their start forty or fifty years ago? It is my conviction that they are not only equal to those enjoyed by the young strugglers who entered the serious world of affairs at the beginning of the latter half of the century just closed, but that in most respects they are superior. Many successful business men, however, who were entering upon their careers at that period, take the opposite view, and still more numerous are the younger men who feel that the advantages were all on the side of those who had the earlier start

The force of this somewhat dismal view of what the future offers for the business beginner of to-day is broken for me by the vivid recollection of how, as a boy, I looked at two or three of the leading business men of my old home town and thought: "Ah! If I could just have the chances for getting a start which they had, then it would be worth while trying to do something in business. But the day of their advantages is gone; no opportunities equal to those which came in their way are left; and I can only make the best of such chances as remain to the boys unlucky enough to have been born about forty years too late!"

Young Men's Chances Never Better

This is also the complaint of the present; it is to be heard wherever boys and young men discuss their material prospects. It is the familiar tale which seems always to whisper itself in the ears of impatient youth, declaring that the golden age of opportunity was the one just passed. However, it is quite natural that any boy should take this outlook when he begins to awaken to the possibilities of business strife and success. He looks at the successful men of his community who have reached the prime of life and whose fortunes are at high tide. Their riches seem very tangible, very large, impressive and unattainable to the lad who has comparatively nothing. Then he learns something of the conditions under which these men laid the foundations of their fortunes, and at once reaches the conclusion: "Things are different now: it takes more to start with; all this good country about here is settled up and there is closer competition on every side."

In every point of difference between his own environment and that of the man whose fortune has already been won he sees some peculiar advantage for the latter. How well do I recall reasoning in this manner regarding the proprietor of the general store in the little eastern village where I lived. Now I realize that his income could not have exceeded $1000 a year and that his property holdings did not exceed $10,000; but in my eyes he was a Crœsus, made fat by rare advantages which had vanished with his youth. So much for the overvaluation which human nature gives to past opportunities as contrasted with those of [illegible] and to-morrow, when estimated by the eye which has personal interests at stake!

Another tendency, common to the business cadets of the present and of the old days, is that of feeling that such good opportunities as remain are practically monopolized by the young men who command capital and special influence. Though these elements do count in the struggle, they are not the most important ones, and are far outweighed by staunch personal qualities

In so unhesitatingly declaring the belief that young men of the present day and generation have business opportunities equal in promise to those enjoyed by the young men of thirty or forty years ago, I may be accused of overestimating the energy and ability of the men who have achieved success and who are beginning to give place to those whose ability is yet to be demonstrated. However, I certainly should not willingly take a prejudiced view of this point, nor do I think I am doing so.

It seems to me that the most vital difference between the young men of the elder generation and those now going into the contest is suggested by the word self-denial. It is, perhaps, more a misfortune than a fault that comparatively few boys and young men are now willing to sacrifice comforts and luxuries, and to endure the hardships which the beginner of forty or fifty years ago thought absolutely necessary as a foundation for his start.

Then there was a willingness to go without coveted things, and to work early and late in order to save something from small wages, and thus to build an independent, if humble, foundation for a start in life.

The Price of Success in Business

The wages at which, for example, I entered the mercantile field were about the same as are paid to the lads who take their first positions in our establishment to-day; but I worked three or four hours longer every day than do the boys of the present. The latter are not, as a rule, nearly so well schooled in the arts of self-denial and economy as were my young associates. They can earn their money more easily, perhaps, and certainly they spend it far more freely. Then, too, they seem to shrink from encounter with anything like hardship more readily than did the boys I worked with—at least so it seems to me. This tendency is most important and significant. If we are unwilling to pay the price for a coveted object, when the price is within our power, we should not complain that the "times are out of joint."

When a young man tells me there is no chance in business for his generation I advise him to find employment as a farm laborer—and to select a farm most remote from the hustle and rush of the business world. I know how impossible it seems to a young man wholly dependent on his own resources and receiving, let us say, only $300 a year, to believe that the day will come when he will command that sum for a month's labor! Yet the business world is full of examples of just such achievements, and they are numerous enough to justify any bright young man who has the right kind of stuff in him in a firm faith that he may do as well

Those who advocate the theory that the concentration of capital and industrial enterprise, so characteristic of the present time, works a concentration of opportunity, seem utterly to overlook the fact that industries are multiplying at a rate that is simply marvelous. During the last three or four decades the field of enterprise has broadened out of all proportion with the increase in the number of workers. Right now there is a greater demand in Chicago for young men of brains and education than there was in 1860—and at far higher rates of pay. No person at that time foresaw, or even prophesied for the most distant future, one fifth of the business which is now being transacted

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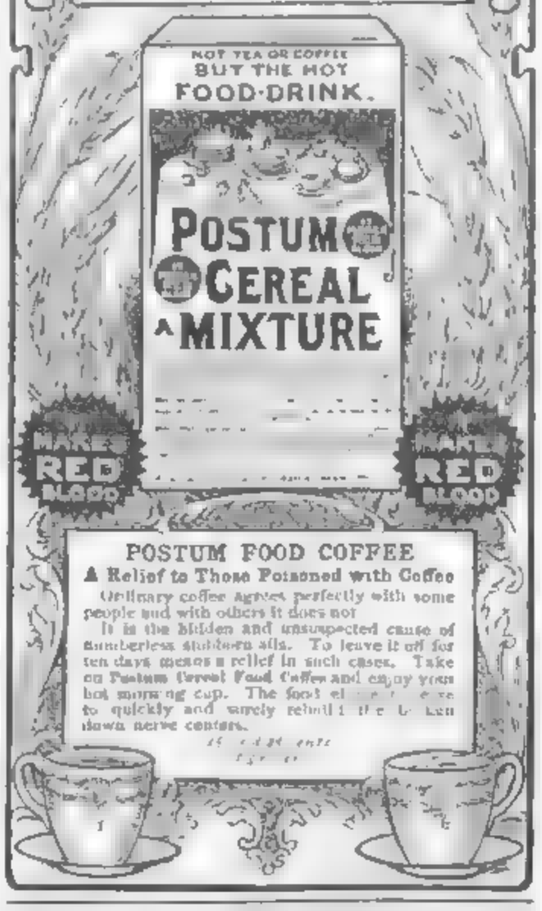

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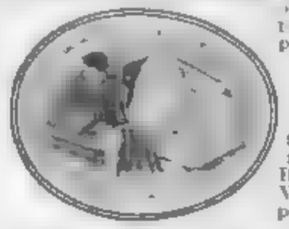

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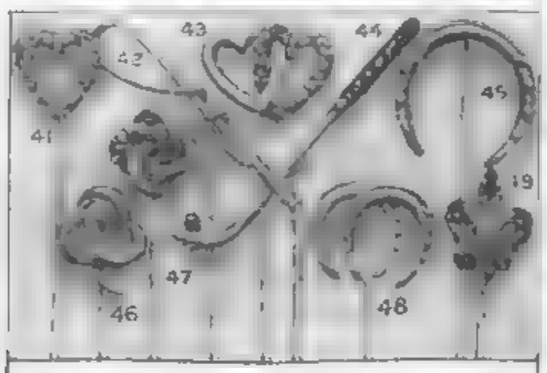

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It is quite as impossible for any person to-day to foretell the percentage of business increase in the next forty years. What is true of Chicago is true, in a measure, of the whole country. The West and South are in the early stages of development, and the East will reap its full share of benefit resulting from the growing prosperity of these sections.

In the old days a new venture in business created a sensation. At the present time a score of new enterprises may be launched in a week without attracting the attention of the general business public save through their advertisements—and all of these ventures may be larger, at the start, than many of the greatest houses of to-day were after they had been in business for several years. To-day the only way by which a man may keep pace with the progress of enterprise is to take several technical and scientific papers and read them closely. Otherwise, scores of absolutely new lines of business will be "born" and attain sturdy growth before he will learn of their existence in the ordinary routine of business life. Attempt to count up the kinds of business now in operation, which were unknown twenty years ago, and the demonstration of how opportunity has increased will be very convincing. In the fields of electricity and chemistry alone the number of new lines of enterprise and business is astonishing.

Splendid Possibilities Now Apparent

Formerly each manufacturing and mercantile establishment had its proprietor or firm members, with possibly two or three high-salaried lieutenants who received what would to-day be regarded as very low salaries. The number of general employees was comparatively small. These houses have since grown into mammoth business establishments, with an increasing number of partners and stockholders, and with a corps of managers, each earning and receiving a large income.

These partners and proprietors, stockholders and managers must and will be succeeded by trained employees in still increasing numbers, as the business grows—by young men who have demonstrated their ability and trustworthiness. The salaries received by many of the subordinate men in the great business organizations of to-day far exceed the incomes of the proprietors of those same establishments in the earlier years of their history.

Thus far I have spoken of success as measured by its lowest standard, that of dollars and cents. Measuring it by standards higher than that of mere money, the opportunities for ambitious young men have surely increased during each decade of the century just closed. The business man's position in the world is no longer so fully determined by the dollars he has made and kept as by the intelligence, honesty of purpose, and breadth of mind he has displayed in the transaction of his business, and by the manner in which he employs his accumulated wealth.

True it is that there can be no success in business without the creation of a money capital and a realization of profit; neither can there be real success without the development of character and a growing desire for the highest and best things in life. Looking at this subject from every viewpoint, I find myself compelled to reach the one conclusion that there never was a time when business gave greater assurance of success to an intelligent, educated, conscientious and ambitious young man than is given to him at the present day.

Fitzhugh Lee's Only Scare

WHEN Fitzhugh Lee was Governor of Virginia he responded to an invitation to attend a reunion of veterans in one of the cities of Florida. He went to a fashionable hotel, expecting to have to pay a fancy price for accommodations, but not prepared for the staggering rates he found framed on the door of his apartments.

"I was not, at that time, in a position to incur extravagant expenses," he says, "and the only way that I could see out of my predicament was to go to the clerk and state that an unexpected matter of pressing importance demanded my immediate return to Richmond. This program I carried out, and then, bracing myself, asked how much my bill was.

"'Your bill?' said the hotel man. 'Why, you don't owe us anything. It's an honor for this hotel to have the Governor of Virginia as a guest, and we could not think of accepting pay from you.'

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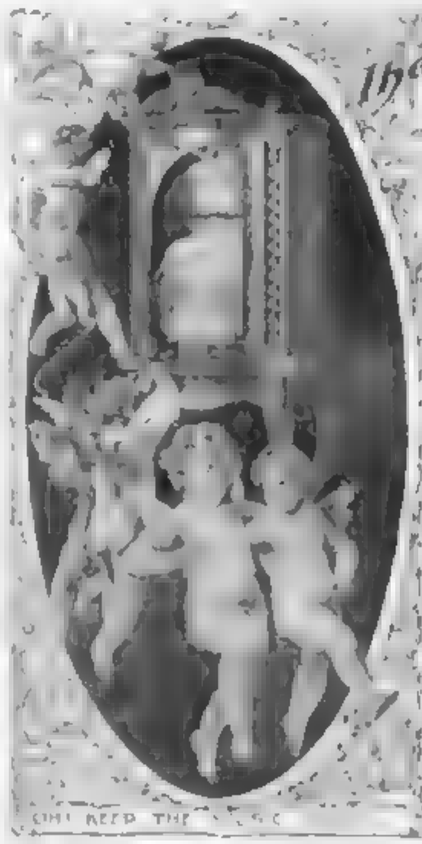

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The Exceeding Wickedness of Ezra—By Forrest Crissey

"'Nough." Goin' t' lemme lone an' quit yer blowin' 'bout Cincinnaty 'n' things?"

EZRA'S eyes bulged with ingenuous greed as he watched the shower of red cinnamon drops that pattered into the scoop of the sugar scales of the counter of the grocery. Fifteen cents' worth! And all of one kind, and at one time! What delicious prodigality!

His heart bounded with pride as the old storekeeper pushed up his brass-rimmed spectacles in astonishment until they spanned his wrinkled forehead, and inquired.

"What's that, buh? Fifteen cents' worth? Does yer pa know you're goin' t' spend that much fer candy?"

But the glow of vanity that flushed the youngster's tense face faded before Uncle John clapped the tin cover over the big mouth of the candy jar and replaced it on the shelf.

"I guess that red-headed city cousin must be up from Cincinnaty t' spend the summer, eh? Didn't think any boys that b'longed round here had got a' free with money 's all that! They say his pa's rich enough t' buy out th' town an' throw it in th' creek."

Instantly the swelling importance with which Ezra had entered the store—hoping that some of the village boys would be present to witness his prodigal expenditure—subsided. His passing glory had been rudely given to another. Bitterness and resentment gripped hard at his throat, and the flush of shame chased the glow of pride in his burning cheeks. Meekly he laid the dime and the five-cent piece upon the counter and took up the bag of cinnamons and walked slowly out. For the first time the mingled odors of prunes, smoked herring, muscovado sugar—the grocery-store smell—failed to chain and tantalize his sniffing nostrils. He was in rebellion against the established order of things. His heart was heavy with self-pity, embittered with the gall of its first taste of worldly pessimism. For a moment he loitered on the platform before the store and pushed his toe into the pitch which sizzled up from a knot in the pine plank on which he stood. He had been cheated of a distinction in the eyes of the village boys, suspected of spending money not his own, and twitted of being a fetch-and carry for his city cousin. And that by the keeper of the candy jars!

A new emotion stirred his blood as he plodded past the solemn peaked church—a fierce vindictive passion of resentment. He knew it was a wicked feeling—but he didn't care! He was glad of it! What if he did hate the red-headed city cousin, who brushed his hair so smooth, put on clean clothes every morning and could play the piano? Ezra leaned over the low, whittled railing that spanned the mill-race, and thought how he would like to throw the lordly Howard Richard Taylor down where the "pumpkin seeds" and "shiners" were flashing their gleaming sides in the deep water.

Swiftly the burden of his wrongs and injuries gathered volume as he scuffed along the cindered path in front of the blacksmith shop, where a sizzling wagon tire sent up a cloud of steam from the tub in which it was dipped and turned. He did not pause to scamper into the mill and scoop from the brimming hopper a handful of plump wheat. A world of injustice pressed too heavy upon him. He could even see the city cousin, who was waiting for his return in the shade of the swingtrees, doling out, with studied exactness, a stingy pinch of the cinnamons—listening to hear the humble "thank you" that was expected to follow upon his beneficiations! Why had this city boy dimes to spend where he himself had only coppers? Why should he trot on the errands of this officious interloper who took the best bed, the biggest apples, the ripest blackberries and the lion's share of "bumble-bee" honey from the nest which he had not the courage to break up at the risk of stings and swollen cheeks? But the crowning contempt which Ezra held against this opulent city cousin was that of shameless terror at the sight of a water snake and a retreat into bed because of a stone-bruise. Even his goodness became hateful in the meditations of Ezra. The lofty superiority with which he had refused to smoke the dried lily stems gathered from the South Pond, the treachery with which the hiding-place of yellow-covered dime novels had been betrayed, and the boastful tales of the family carriage, of visits to the Zoo, and of having stopped at a hotel where board was five dollars a day—all these were reviewed in the rancorous count which the bearer of the cinnamon drops cast up against the waiting cousin.

The candy! He had reached the maples in front of the village school when his thoughts returned to the starting point of his troubles. How easy it would be to drop the bulging paper bag upon the hard-packed gravel of the path. And what if it did break? He could eat those which spilled out. They would be his share! Some of them would be his, anyway, when he reached home. Why not let chance settle his portion of them instead of having them counted out on the kitchen table by "Howard Richard *Tay*-lor—Big-headed, Red-headed, *fail*-er!" One instant he hesitated. Then he opened the bag, sniffed its spicy odors—and it fell from his guilty hands to the ground. A pang of conscience shot him through as he scraped up the heap of red, sticky disks that poured from the split in the side of the bag. Slowly, one by one, he picked the remaining ones from the gravel path and wiped his stained and grimy hands upon the side of his mannish "pants."

Yes—he would tell them that he dropped the bag. And it would be true, too! Right in front of the second maple, between that and "third base"—they could go back and see for themselves if they didn't believe him. There were three of the cinnamons still left in the path. They would know he had told the truth when they saw those! How small the bag looked now as he crumpled it in both

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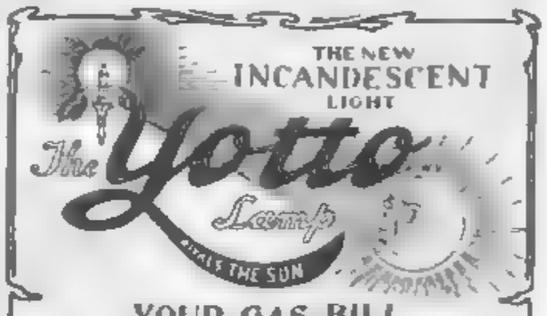

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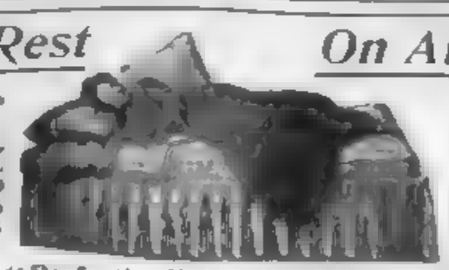

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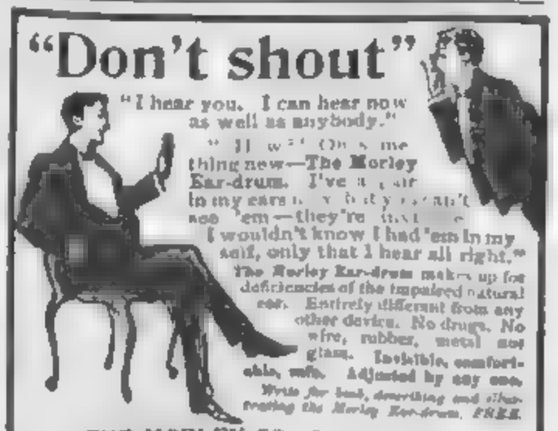

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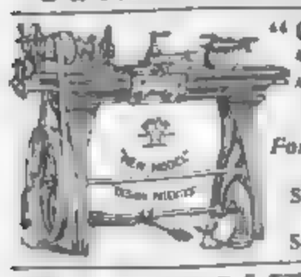

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his hands. If only so many hadn't spilled out!—but anyway he had made it up that those were to be his share, and he never went back on what he had made up with himself.

Wretchedly, with sullen, dogged loiterings he made his way homeward. Every chippy bird that chirped from the dusty roadbed, every chipmunk that raced his striped, saucy self along the top rail, accused him.

At the home bars he halted in a panic of terror. He could face the cousin—but the quiet, searching eyes of his mother! Almost he decided to flee to the West Woods. He would become a hermit and live in the old sugar camp! But, before he could put his daring resolution into action, the city cousin, from the shade of the swing trees, called out:

"Ezra, did you remember the candy?"

Pale, big-eyed, with hangdog countenance Ezra pushed silently past his questioner into the kitchen, placed the bag on the table and slunk down upon the door-step.

"What is the matter, Ezra?" came the quiet, anxious question as his mother looked at his white cheeks. There was no escape from that voice, those eyes!

"I dropped it," he blurted; "in front of the schoolhouse—by the maple—the second one, close by third base. I scraped up some—you can look for yourself—*he* can if he wants to!"

"Come into the bedroom!" commanded the quiet voice.

"Fifteen cents' worth!" sneered Howard Richard Taylor, holding up the crumpled bag. "Dropped it! You look it!"

Ezra turned his head about as he was led forward into the inquisitorial bedroom, and screwed his face into a grimace.

When he emerged he was led in front of the waiting accuser. His breast shook and heaved, and tears traced their muddy courses down his dust-worn cheeks.

"Ezra has been exceedingly wicked, Howard," said the maternal voice. "He has told a lie. He dropped the bag on purpose so he could take the candy. He is very sorry, and begs your forgiveness!"

Howard Richard Taylor drew a long breath—a deliberate, judicial inspiration. He was about to dispense pardon.

"Yes, auntie, I forgive him. I'm sorry he's getting wild, but I shall try to exert a good influence over him."

"Now, go out to the swing, Ezra," said the mother of the penitent, "and meditate on what I told you in the bedroom. Remember, you are not to get out, or play or talk or whistle—not until I call supper.

He was scuffing his calloused feet upon the bare-worn ground beneath the swing, letting "old cat die," guessing what time it was, and remembering the story of Ananias which his mother had read to him—wondering if she would tell his Sunday-school teacher, or if Howard Richard Taylor would tattle to the boys—when he heard the voice of the city cousin sweetly asking

"Auntie, would you mind letting Ezra sit in the bedroom or on the grass? Don't you think he would think better and be more penitent there than in the swing?"

"No," was the quick answer; "he will stay where I told him."

Ezra could hear his father dipping the wash-basin in the rain-barrel at the back of the woodshed—the sign of approaching supper—when Howard Richard seated himself at the foot of the swing tree and solemnly remarked:

"I think liars and thieves are awful sinners. The Bible says so. My mother would be heart-broken if she had a son that did such things. I guess she'd be so humiliated that she'd want to give up her church and social connections. I forgive you, Ezra—but this ought to be a dreadful lesson to you. It should make you very humble——"

The swing darted backward and its occupant fell upon the orator with a swiftness that sent a bluejay squawking in alarm from the tip of the neighboring balsam. Dust, wails and sturdy strokes marked the progress of the combat. The penitent had risen in revolt. In the doorway of the kitchen stood the tall form of Ezra's father, a peculiar light in his eye. His arm formed a bar against which the excited mother struggled in vain, calling: "Ezra! Oh, Ezra!"

When the dust cleared away the triumphant penitent was seen sitting astride the prostrate orator, and he was heard to inquire

"'Nough? Goin' t' lemme 'lone an' quit yer blowin' 'bout Cincinnaty 'n' things?"

"Yes, Cousin Ezra," came the smothered reply.

"Then git up an' dust!"

"You can use my shot gun all day to morrow," humbly volunteered the vanquished Howard Richard Taylor.

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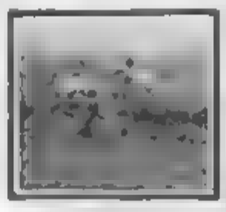

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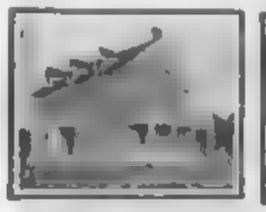

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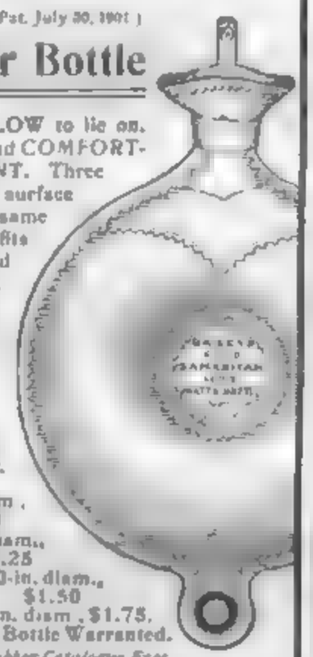

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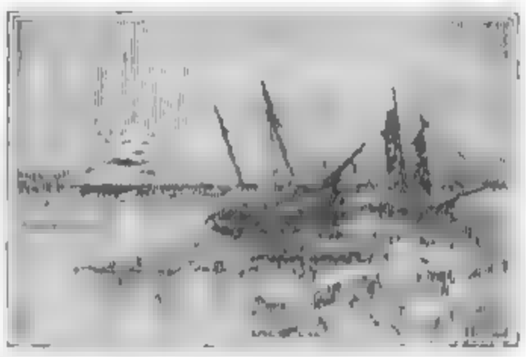

By C. A. McAllister
U. S. Revenue Cutter Service

TO THE mind of the average citizen a sailor in Uncle Sam's Navy is a reckless sort of fellow who "shivers his timbers," runs aloft in a gale of wind, works the guns in battle, and, generally speaking, obeys the orders of his officers, but who, aside from these qualifications, does not possess any great ability for other fields of employment.

Though these conditions obtained to a greater or less extent when the Navy consisted of huge wooden frigates whose only motive power was the winds from heaven, quite the opposite is now the case. The modern Jack Tar is almost the antithesis of his predecessor. He does not "shiver his timbers," for the simple reason that the timbers have been supplanted by steel frames which do not easily shiver; he does not run aloft in a gale of wind, because, when gales of wind come, there is nothing on which to run aloft, except the military masts and the smokestacks, neither of which would be injured by the heaviest gale that ever blew. He does, however, obey orders, and in that respect the similarity is very marked.

The sailor of to-day must have all the qualifications of the old time salt, and, in addition, must possess numerous others to fit him for service on the floating machine-shops which in truth the battleships and cruisers of our present Navy really are.

Though no individual may possess all these attainments, there are to be found in a ship's complement men for almost any emergency. Such a crew, it may be said, is absolutely necessary for the safe navigation and operation of a modern fighting vessel; for, once they leave a port, they are thrown entirely on their own resources, especially in time of war, when the dockyards and repair shops of neutral nations are not available.

"Jackies" of Almost All Trades

The various trades represented in a ship's company are largely indicated by the ratings or designations given to the enlisted men. Naturally, machinists predominate, and the variety and quality of machine work which can be turned out on a first-class naval vessel would astonish a layman. All ordinary mishaps to the steam machinery, the electrical equipment, the armament and gearing on deck, are readily remedied by these skilled men. There are also on every large vessel two blacksmiths, one for the deck and the other for the engineering department. By rigging up portable forges in one of the fire-rooms these men are enabled to do some highly creditable work. A boilermaker or two suffice to keep the steam generators in good repair, and a coppersmith is usually kept busy in repairing the countless pipes used about the vessel. Though the use of wood has been reduced to a minimum on modern war craft, the ship's carpenter is one of the most important men on board, as to him is intrusted the repairing of the boats and of the numerous auxiliaries and fittings on deck. All painting comes in his department, and this is an item of great importance in the care and preservation of steel vessels. It is safe to say that every sailor is a painter, as at times all of them have some painting to do, and, judging from the alacrity with which a naval vessel is given a coat of paint, this occupation is very much to "Jacky's" liking. At the outbreak of the recent Spanish War, when the order was issued to paint all ships a dull gray, or, as it was then known, "war color," there were several instances in which everything in sight from the outside was given a coat of paint in a single morning.

In the carpenter's gang there is generally a plumber whose duty it is to keep in order the various sanitary arrangements about the ship. Although sails are no longer in use, several sailmakers find enough to keep them busy in making and repairing awnings, gun-covers and sails for small boats. A force of electricians are employed in manipulating the various and complicated electrical appliances now found to be so necessary on a ship. Skilled typewriters and stenographers, known as ship's writers, find occupation in the large amount of correspondence and in the keeping of the records required by the stringent naval regulations. The ship's surgeons are, of course, commissioned officers, but they need the assistance of skilled hospital attendants and a pharmacist. As yet there are no dentists in the Navy, and when "Jacky" has the toothache his only recourse is to the sometimes questionable dental skill of one of the ship's surgeons. As the Army has recently been provided with a dental corps, there seems to be no good reason why the larger vessels of the Navy should not each carry a dentist in its complement.

Among other callings represented is that of submarine diving. A complete diving apparatus is furnished each war vessel, and one of the men is trained in its use. Sometimes the services of a diver are very necessary for the removal of barnacles from strainers on the ship's bottom, or for the examination of the plating if a reef or other obstruction has been touched by the vessel. On board of a flagship a ship's printer is a necessity for the printing of squadron orders and other matters. Those employed in this capacity usually have journalistic aspirations and occupy their spare moments in editing and printing a periodical for circulation among the ship's company. The current gossip of the ship and station, together with other items of interest to the sailor mind, are thus set forth for the beguilement of "Jacky's" spare time. Printed menu cards for the officers' messes and programs of the band concert held each evening are issued daily by the ship's press.

The Men Who Sew and Shave

In the less important occupations "Jacky" is probably even more versatile than in those already enumerated. Visitors on war vessels are often greatly amused to see several bronzed and stalwart seamen on deck vigorously working hand power sewing-machines, as the ordinary type of sewing-machines would occupy too much space on board ship. These marine-tailors make not only their own clothing but receive orders from their shipmates, and some of the more industrious add considerably to their income by the use of the needle. As sailors are not allowed to have citizens' clothes in their possession, the work of the tailor is limited to uniforms. The regulation cloth is purchased from the paymaster, and the work turned out by some of the men is far superior to that put on the ready-made uniforms. In fact, "Jacky" feels as proud of a "made-to-order" uniform as does the average civilian of a fine tailor-made dress suit. There are no regular ship's tailors, and the men who do the sewing do it voluntarily and in their spare time.

The ship must, of course, be supplied with barbers. The typical mariner of the olden days was represented as wearing his whiskers *à la Donegal*, but the naval sailor of to-day usually keeps his face clean-shaven, perhaps from fear of contact with the wind. In a crew of five hundred or more men the services of several barbers are required. They are generally shipped as landsmen, and are allowed to charge the sailors a small fee. While on the tonsorial subject it might be well to add that "poetical" hair is not allowed. On the first Sunday of each month a general muster of all hands is held on the quarterdeck. As each man's name is called he answers by giving his rating, and then steps out in front with his hat off, where for a brief period the searching eye of the captain scans him from head to foot. If his hair is too long he is ordered to the barber.

The Sea Cooks and Photographers

Good cooks are a rarity on shipboard as well as on shore. Where the crew is divided into different messes, each mess must select one of its number to do the cooking. Occasionally much latent talent is developed by this system of selection, and when a good cook is thus unearthed his messmates have no hesitation in "chipping in" a few dollars extra each month to add to his wages.

Several amateur photographers are to be found in nearly every ship's crew, and the views taken by sailors in their travels around

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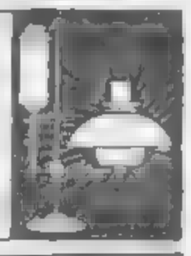

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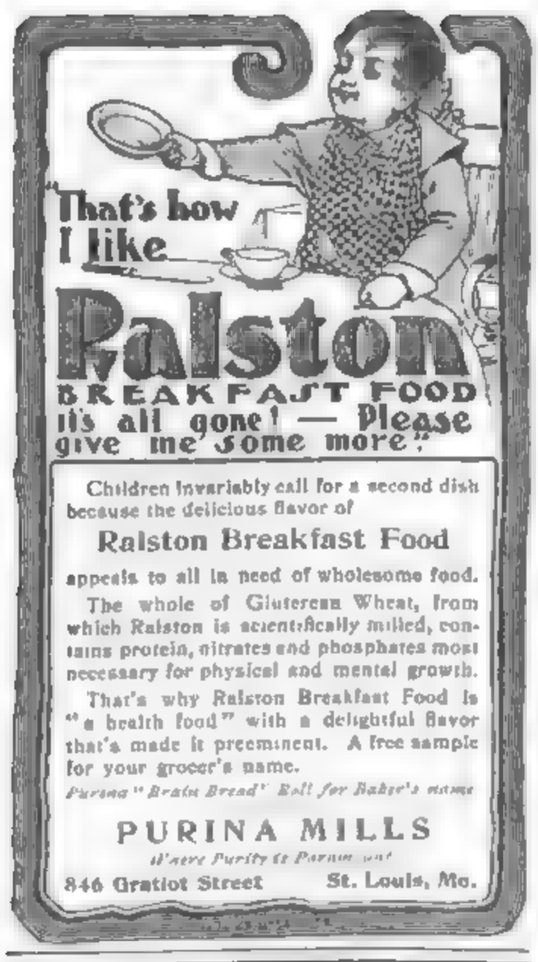

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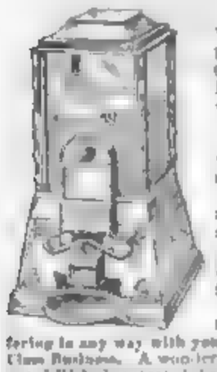

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the world fill many interesting albums. Occasionally, if given the space, some particularly skillful photographer will start a small gallery on board ship and take pictures of his shipmates which they send home to relatives or sweethearts. "Jacky," on this occasion, mindful of the awe which will be produced in the folks at home, usually poses near the breech of one of the largest guns, and holds the lanyard in his hand as if in the act of firing. This attitude, combined with a warlike expression of countenance, has no doubt made many a distant mother or sweetheart shudder over the horrors of warfare. Coal-passers, firemen, cooks, and others whose duties never bring them in contact with the guns at all, are the chief patrons of the "man-behind-the-gun" position when being photographed.

Playing the "Sailor's Piano"

In addition to the regular enlisted musicians who compose the band, there are always numerous amateurs who can play on almost any form of musical apparatus ever invented. The favorite instrument of all seafaring men is the accordion, or, as it is sometimes called, the "sailor's piano." There is scarcely a vessel afloat, whether naval or merchant craft, that does not have on board at least [illegible] of these nerve-destrovers. The ability to operate the accordion is possessed seemingly by every man forward, and its strains can be heard on deck or below almost every night. Needless to say, the latest "rag-time" melodies are more in vogue than Wagnerian selections. In vocal music "Jacky" is very much at home, as almost every sailor can sing—some better than others, of course. The old songs of the sea are being supplanted by the popular tunes of the day, and it must be admitted that the change is not a bad one. Though "Jacky" is allowed to sing at the proper time, he is never allowed to whistle when on board ship. In fact, that is one of the strictest rules in a ship's code, and applies alike to officers and men. The old saying is that there is only one man aboard allowed to whistle, and that is the boatswain, who gets paid for it.

As linguists, naval seamen are not to be despised. Many of them are of foreign birth (fewer now than ever before, however), and they speak their native tongue in addition to English. Many of our native-born tars speak at least one or two foreign languages, and a few have a smattering of nearly all the more important tongues. Sailor vernacular contains expressions for which nearly all the principal seaports have been laid under tribute.

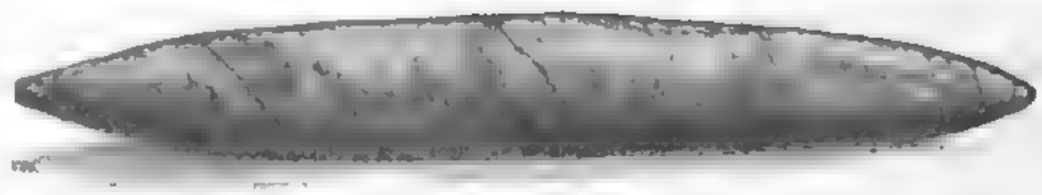
The average naval seaman is far above the wage-earner on shore in general education. This is but natural, as a man of ordinary intelligence is bound to absorb a certain amount of knowledge from traveling and association. The sailor of the Navy generally has the privilege of a fairly well-stocked library, and if he is at all ambitious he can find considerable time to devote to reading.

Every Crew a Potential City

Should a large naval vessel be wrecked on an uninhabited island, it is safe to assume that a small town could be built complete by the crew of the vessel, as some man could be found for almost any kind of work to be performed. The government could be that of a small municipality, all the necessary functions being performed by members of the ship's company. Almost any sailor is a Robinson Crusoe in fertility of resource.

On board naval vessels, therefore, in these days of specialization, we find not so much versatility of the individual as versatility of the whole body of men comprising the crew; instead of "A Jack-of-all-trades," we may say, "All trades among Jackies."

The many requirements of the service on board a man-of-war may be judged from the various titles given the different members of the crew. Thus, in the seamen branch we find masters-at-arms, boatswains' mates, gunners' mates, gun captains, quartermasters' coxswains, seamen gunners, seamen, ordinary seamen, apprentices and landsmen. Artificers include all men connected with the engineer's department and all other skilled mechanics employed on the vessel. Such ratings as machinist, electrician, carpenter, boiler-maker, coppersmith, blacksmith, sail-maker, plumber, printer, shipwright, painter, oiler, water-tender, fireman and coal-passer are found in this branch. Included in the special branch are yeomen, hospital stewards, bandmasters, musicians, buglers and hospital apprentices. To the mess-men branch belong, of course, all the stewards, cooks and mess attendants or waiters.



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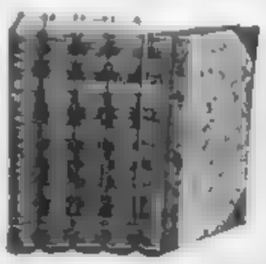

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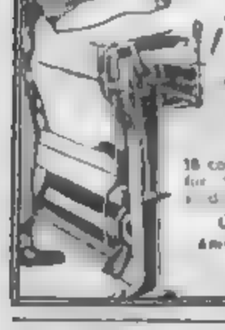

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Brigadier-General W. H. Bisbee

BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM H BISBEE, recently promoted to that grade, and who has risen to it from the rank of private soldier, is one of the strictest disciplinarians in the Army, but is extremely popular with his men

Pertinacity in attaining an end has marked his whole career. He has turned aside for nothing While a Captain at Fort Bridger he drilled his company twice a day. Through the middle of the parade ground ran a mountain stream. One morning he was drilling in open skirmish formation, and gave the order to advance, kneel, fire, and repeat. The men went through this evolution for a hundred yards or more, their Captain at their head When the foremost men reached the stream some of them expected the command to halt or change their direction, but Captain Bisbee went straight at the creek and into it as if it had no existence. At the point where the centre of the company struck it, it was nearly four feet deep, but they all went through it as if the occasion were actual war and the enemy on the far side.

When he commanded Company H, Fourth Infantry, it enjoyed a wide reputation for its perfection in tactics. At Chicago, in 1877, during the railroad riots, he was Adjutant-General, and many people repaired daily to the Lake Front to see the dress-parade of his company. The Captain of a local military company thereupon went to Captain Bisbee and proposed that the two companies drill for a cash prize

Captain Bisbee informed him that he could not think of such a thing, but that he would drill his company in opposition to the other for fun. The city got news of the coming match and there were thirty thousand people at the Lake Front to watch the event

The militia company drilled first for fifteen minutes, and so beautiful were their movements that the spectators were delighted Then Company H marched to the parade-ground, and went through every evolution with a precision that seemed so perfect that the great crowd went wild with enthusiasm

General Bisbee entered the Army forty years ago as a private, and took part in many notable engagements during the Civil War. His career has been a refutation of the superstition about thirteen. Several of his victories over the Sioux and Arapahoe Indians were won on the thirteenth of the month. The news that he had been made a Colonel was received by him in Santiago on the thirteenth of June, 1899; it was on the thirteenth of July that he sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines, and on the thirteenth of August that he landed at Manila and assumed command of the Thirteenth Infantry.

An incident illustrating one trait of his character recently occurred at Manila. The palace of Aguinaldo's imprisonment was next door to the commander's headquarters. A superior officer asked General Bisbee if he would not like to take a look at the captured Filipino leader.

"No," replied Bisbee; "all Filipino rebels look alike to me, and when they're captured I have no further interest in them."

Doctor Doty's Penny Shower

Dr. Alvah H. Doty, the Health Officer of the Port of New York, whose experiments with malaria-carrying mosquitoes have attracted wide attention, belongs to that rare class of medical men who have gone into politics without impairing in the least a high professional standing. For twenty years or more Doctor Doty was connected with the Health Department of the city of New York, first as an inspector and later as Chief of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases. It is said of him that he has never been known to lose his temper, and that he has always found time for a joke when it offered by the way.

On one occasion, when he had been in the Department only a few years, and was acting as a sanitary inspector, a young doctor who had been recently appointed was put under his charge to be broken in. The appointee

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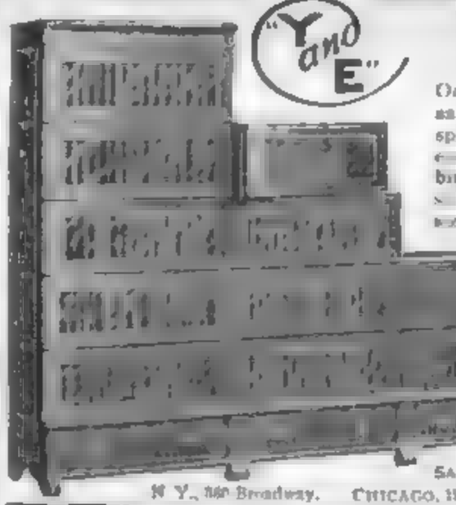

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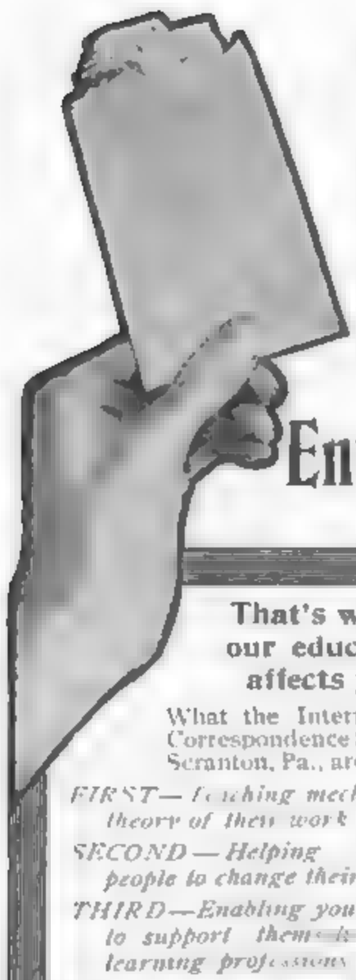

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was what is known as "yealy" —that is, he was only recently out of college and inclined to be rather fresh

Doctor Doty's tour lay among the crowded East Side tenements. With his companion he made the rounds, inspecting traps and bathtubs, kitchen sinks and other household appliances

By and by they came to a tenement that was particularly dirty and hot and crowded, and the new appointee concluded that he would wait in the courtyard while Doctor Doty made the rounds. Both men were in the uniform of the Department: blue flannel coats and gold braided caps; an insignia of authority deemed desirable in working among the foreigners who crowd the tenements

While Doctor Doty was on one of the upper floors he heard the strains of a little German band on the outside. This gave him an idea. Looking out of a window he saw his colleague standing in the yard, with his cap off on account of the heat. In the room with the Doctor were a number of women and children who lived in the tenement. Calling them to the window, he pointed to the new inspector down below, and said:

"There's the man from the band; why don't you give him some pennies?" and, setting the example, he put his hand in his pocket, and pulling out six pennies gave them to one of the children with instructions to put them in the man's hat

A minute afterward the bewildered young man downstairs found himself surrounded by a score of women and children, few of whom could speak English, but all of whom were thrusting at him various small coins which they eagerly dropped into the cap that he held.

Apparently the sanitary inspector thought they were some of the perquisites of his new office, and, not wishing to be considered impolite, he took all the small change that came along and bowed his acknowledgments

Of course, Doctor Doty told the story as soon as they got back to headquarters, and for months afterward that young inspector's life was made a burden to him by the men of the Department, who never failed to offer him some loose coppers every time they came near him.

The Dean of a New Profession

Mr. Frederick J. V. Skiff

FREDERICK J. V. SKIFF who has lately been appointed Director in Chief of Exhibits of the coming St. Louis Exposition, is an experienced and enthusiastic believer in this field of effort, and holds that the management of expositions will soon become recognized as a distinct profession

The experience of Mr Skiff in this special field of effort would seem to entitle him to be regarded as the dean of this new profession so far as this country is concerned. In the World's Columbian Exposition he held the position of Chief of the Department of Mines and Mining and Assistant Director General, and was the Director of American Exhibits at the Paris Exposition of 1900

Mr Skiff is heartily in touch with the spirit of his work, and believes that no task could be more fascinating and full of all that is attractive to the man of affairs with a keen interest in the dash and "go" of modern life than that which claims the energies of an executive official of a great exposition.

That the St. Louis Exposition well deserves this description can scarcely be questioned as it has $16,000,000 of funds already available; has nearly three hundred acres more of ground than the World's Columbian Exposition; is located in a superbly wooded natural park of one thousand acres in extent; and will assemble representatives of nearly fifty races of "primitive" people unfamiliar to the American eye

In the opinion of the Director in Chief of Exhibits, probably the most striking feature of the Exposition will be the great aerial tournament in which two hundred and fifty balloons will test their racing qualities

In the educational field, the exhibits from Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam and the Philippine Islands will, he believes, take important rank, and will especially exercise a marked influence on the progress of these last islands toward self government and toward the gradual assimilation of the best American ideas and methods.

A HOUSE PARTY

An account of the stories that were told at a gathering of famous American authors, the story-tellers being introduced by

PAUL LEICESTER FORD

the literary host of the occasion

Last spring plans were made by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company for what may be called a literary "House Party." The idea was suggested by a casual discussion of the ear-marks of authorship. What is it that distinguishes the work of one writer from that of another? Is it style or a difference in the point of view? Could you tell who wrote a story if the author's name was not given? The questions were so interesting that it was determined to submit them to the reading public.

Invitations to the "House Party" were extended to the following distinguished authors:

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JOHN KENDRICK BANGS	ROBERT GRANT	FRANK R. STOCKTON
GEORGE W. CABLE	JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	RUTH McENERY STUART
WINSTON CHURCHILL	Mrs. BURTON HARRISON	BOOTH TARKINGTON
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PAUL LEICESTER FORD	THOMAS NELSON PAGE	MARY E. WILKINS
JOHN FOX, Jr	CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS	OWEN WISTER
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Each author was to contribute one story, the stories to be published anonymously. The public was then to be invited to guess the authorship, and to add zest to the contest it was decided to offer a prize of

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Twelve of the authors above named accepted and have each told one story. These stories are all published together in our latest book entitled "A HOUSE PARTY" which will appeal not only to every person of literary taste, but to every lover of good stories

Conditions of the Contest

are given in full in the book, together with a guessing coupon, which is to be detached and mailed to the publishers. If more than one person guesses the correct authorship of the twelve stories, the thousand dollars will be divided among the winners. If no correct answer is received, the nearest correct will win the prize. All guesses must be in by December 31.

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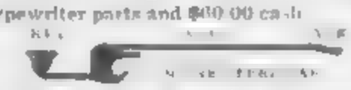

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

A Lizard that Flies

The name "flying dragon" has been bestowed, quite appropriately, upon a very peculiar reptile that was discovered recently in Borneo. It is a lizard, and has wings which it uses in flitting about from bough to bough of the trees in which it lives.

The National Museum has secured two specimens, but they are in alcohol, and afford no notion of the beauty of the creatures in life, for these strange reptiles, which are about nine inches long, are adorned with all the colors of the rainbow. Naturalists who have seen them in their native habitat declare that no butterflies surpass them in gorgeousness.

It was formerly supposed that the last of the flying reptiles had departed with the passing of the pterodactyls, which ruled the domain of the air during the mesozoic epoch, ages ago, and long before the first birds made their appearance on the earth. Some of those great winged lizards had a spread of twenty feet or more, though most of them were much smaller.

Many scientists accept the opinion that the first attempts at flight made by animals on the earth were efforts, by certain reptiles, to leap from tree branch to tree branch. That birds are descended from reptiles is also believed by many; indeed, the anatomical likeness is so striking that the saying, "Pluck a bird and you have a reptile," has almost passed into a proverb.

But it is certainly very curious to find, in these modern days, a winged reptile still surviving. In form, the flying dragon somewhat suggests the vanished pterodactyl, though it is really constructed on quite different principles. Its wings are spread on a frame that is made of the outwardly extended ribs of the animal—certainly a most curious arrangement—and they are not provided with any muscular apparatus for flapping.

It is obvious that this strange lizard can use its wings only in kite fashion, as it were, spreading them out as it flits gracefully from bough to bough. In reality, it does not fly, but only soars, after a manner. When a number of living specimens are seen together they must, with their beautiful colors, produce a very pretty and striking effect.

Goats in Disguise

The Angora goat, on account of its beautiful fleece, is so highly appreciated in this country that extraordinary efforts have been made during the last few years to procure pure-bred specimens from Asiatic Turkey, where the animals were first domesticated. Though the stock was derived originally from a wild Persian species, the first goats of this kind reared for their wool are supposed to have been bred in the Angora district, among the Taurus Mountains, longer ago than the time of Moses, when their fleece was spun by the Israelites.

Unfortunately, the Turks are very reluctant to permit the goats to be exported, and every imaginable obstacle is put in the way of any project for shipping them abroad. Hence it was that Dr. W. C. Bailey, of San José, California, found himself confronted with numerous difficulties when he tried, a short time ago, to secure four of the animals and bring them to the United States.

The story of his experience reads quite like a romance. While journeying through the goat-raising region he was "shadowed" by officials who had a notion that he might possibly contemplate something surreptitious. Thus he had to be extremely careful as to what he did; but, notwithstanding the persistent espionage, he finally obtained possession of four very choice Angoras with superb fleeces. They were ideal specimens, indeed, and, once safely landed in America, they would be prizes rare and precious.

The first thing Doctor Bailey did with them was to cut off all of their long, silky hair. Then he carried them a considerable distance on mule-back, and afterward on camels. Next they were transferred to a closed carriage, and in the succeeding stage of the journey they were borne for many miles on men's backs, packed in sacks.

So far it was comparatively plain sailing, but difficulties were multiplied when Constantinople was reached. The goats were taken on a voyage over the historic waters of the Bosphorus, concealed under a boatload of loose hay. Then they were plentifully sprinkled with coal-dust, and in this manner were transformed into ostensible black sheep.

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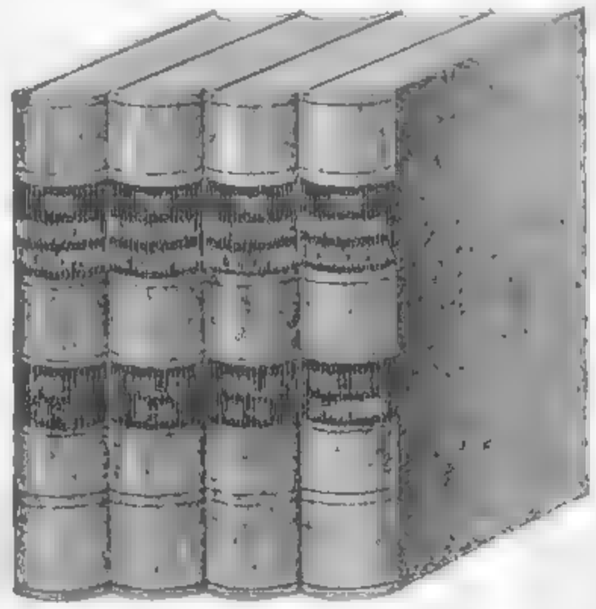

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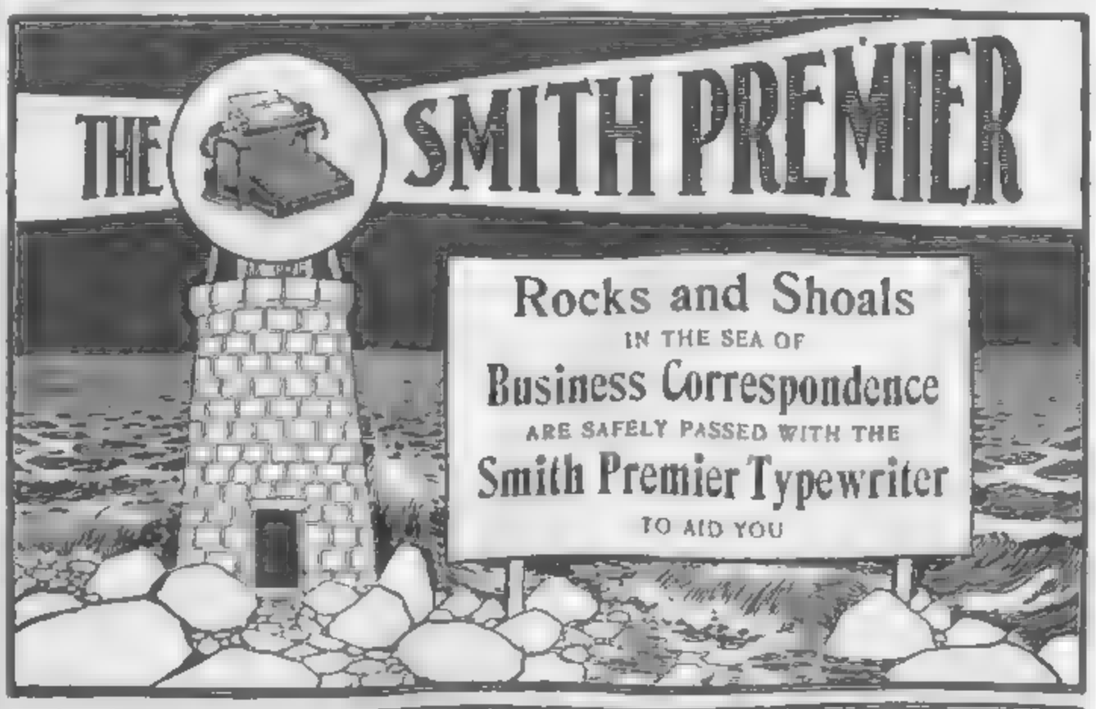

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In the guise of black sheep they traveled through the streets of the Turkish capital in an open wagon, and, after being stopped three times by customs officials and police, were passed along, thanks to the magic of "bakshish." At length the four Angora goats were put safely on shipboard, and were brought to this country.

The Revival of the Chayote

Anything new in the way of a garden vegetable, palatable and nutritious, is well worth having; and this is why the Department of Agriculture desires to introduce to attention in this country the "chayote."

It is of American origin, but has recently obtained popularity in Australia and Algeria, and from the latter country hundreds of tons of it are now shipped annually to the markets of Paris and London. In Porto Rico it is produced in large quantities for domestic consumption, and no reason is apparent why it may not become an article of export as a winter vegetable for the cities of the United States.

The chayote is tropical, but it could be cultivated to advantage in the Gulf States and California, as well as in Hawaii and the Philippines. It grows on a climbing vine of the gourd family, and somewhat suggests the cucumber, but the vine is larger and more vigorous than that of the cucumber, and affords an ornamental covering for fences and arbors. The peach-scented flowers are rich in nectar for bees, and the large tuberous roots are full of starch and are an excellent food.

A favorite method of preparing it in Porto Rico is to cut it in halves and boil it, and then remove the pulp and chop it up with meat and vegetables, seasoned with garlic. The mixture is then returned to the empty shell and baked. With the addition of lime-juice and sugar, the stewed pulp forms an agreeable substitute for apple sauce. In Jamaica the seeds are fried in butter. In British India the chayote has become popular as an ingredient of curries, and in France it is largely utilized as a substitute for the artichoke. In Mexico the tender spring shoots are prepared like asparagus, being much esteemed, and the starch of the root is recommended for the feeding of children and invalids.

By starting the plants from seeds in a greenhouse or cold frame in March, and transplanting when danger of frost is over, the chayote can be grown in cool latitudes. No vegetable is more easily produced under cultivation. The fruits are pear-shaped, and some varieties are white and others green. They bear shipment well, and in Mexico they are preserved indefinitely by simply packing them in dry sand.

About the middle of the sixteenth century Francisco Hernandez, who had spent seven years in Mexico, described the chayote as everywhere for sale in the markets there. He spoke of the seed as "resembling in taste cooked acorns," and said that the flesh suggested in flavor "something marine, such as roasted oysters, although when cooked it is like sweet potatoes or chestnuts."

Chemistry and the Metals

The chemical laboratory is the workshop of the modern magician, and in it are wrought wonders which not so very long ago would have been regarded as miraculous. In fact, though chemistry is very ancient and has been called the Mother of the Sciences, it had little more than an experimental status at the beginning of the present century. Since then its growth has revolutionized human knowledge.

Take the subject of metals, for instance. At the beginning of this century the known methods for separating metals from their ores were purely experimental, not being founded upon any exact knowledge. Now, on the other hand, the composition of each kind of ore can be readily ascertained, and so it may be calculated to a certainty just what proportions of ore, flux and fuel should be mixed together in order to secure the best results.

Next comes the problem of utilizing these metals for commercial purposes, and in each case chemistry affords the solution of all difficulties.

Modern metallurgy is a chemical art. All improvements in the manufacture of steel, for example, have their origin in chemical knowledge. In order to find out how to make good steel, it is necessary to know in what elements and properties it differs from bad steel, and from this knowledge the metallurgist has had to work up. And this is only one illustration among a great number.

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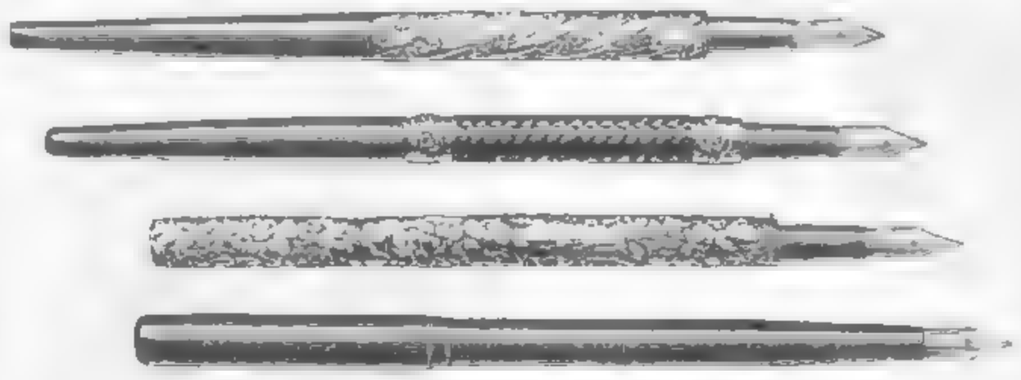

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There are also 213 text illustrations, the original drawings for which were all made under the eye of the author.

Among the full page pictures a particularly interesting series is the collection of etchings of places and scenes which are remembered chiefly by reason of their association with Dickens' life and stories.

These include, among others, the Old Boot Inn, made famous as the resort of the highwaymen in "Barnaby Rudge"; the original of "The Old Curiosity Shop"; the house at the corner of Kingsgate Street, Holborn, which was the residence of Surrey Gamp and the home of Mr. Sweedlepipe and his feathered stock in trade; Dickens' birthplace, on the Commercial Road, Southsea; the house at No. 4 Gower Street, where Dickens lived with his parents, and where his mother kept, or attempted to keep, a private school.

There are included also a series of portraits of Dickens taken at different times in his life, and a series of thirty autograph signatures in fac-simile. Further than this, there appears also a series of photographic reproductions of manuscript pages from his stories.

In summing up the illustrative features of this edition it is no exaggeration to say that they far outreach the most ambitious attempts which hitherto have been made fully to illustrate Dickens. All possible sources have been drawn from, and it is believed that no worthy Dickens picture, by whomsoever made, has been omitted.

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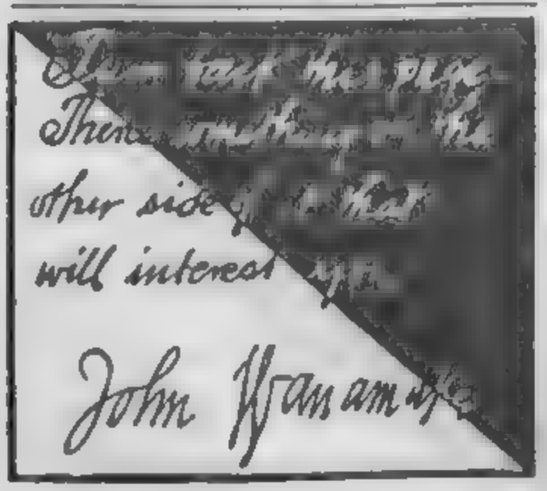

Literary Folk

Their Ways & Their Work

About Marchionesses

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett

The Making of a Marchioness, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)*, is a delightful story, and deeply satisfactory to the right minded reader who loves to see goodness properly rewarded. Since Miss Edgeworth's day, novelists have grown rather careless about this important detail, and are not without rebellious notions as to the general unprofitableness of virtue. Their views are all the more depressing because of our own secret misgivings; and we welcome warmly the kind voice which assures us that rich noblemen prefer middle aged merit to the flaunting vanities of youth

The heroine of this encouraging tale is a well born woman of thirty-four, handsome, but not clever, if we may judge by her recorded conversation. She earns her daily bread by shopping, hiring servants and writing letters for other women, too busy or too lazy to do these things for themselves; and she is invited to spend a few weeks, and make herself generally useful, at the house of one of her patronesses, Lady Maria Bayne. Thither comes the Marquis of Walderhurst, languidly looking out for a second wife, and willing to inspect a fresh lot of aspirants whom his cousin has obligingly gathered together, in hopes that one of them may suit. There is Miss Cora Brooke, a rich American girl, who decides that the best rôle for her to play will be that of piquant and coquettish indifference. There is a young widow who is, we are told, witty and brilliant. And there is Lady Agatha Slade, the acknowledged beauty of the party. Lady Agatha loves another man; but, as he seems uncertain about his intentions, she has come with the rest for inspection

Lord Walderhurst examines the lot as critically as a slave-buyer, and makes dispassionate observations on their points. He notices that Emily Fox-Seton, though thirty-four and cheaply dressed, has a "good skin, good hair—quite a lot of it," and "a nice, flat, straight back." He also notices her unvarying cheerfulness and sweet temper, the simplicity with which she accepts her hard life, and her unselfish alacrity in doing little kindnesses to everybody. Miss Fox-Seton is not one of the aspirants; her humble circumstances debar her from entering the lists; but the astute peer, after watching her for a fortnight, sends to London for a family ring with a ruby in it "as big as a trousers button," which, from time immemorial, the Walderhursts have placed on the fingers of the chosen. With this jewel in his pocket he sallies forth in search of Emily, and intimates his intention of marrying her.

Miss Fox Seton has difficulty in believing him. With tearful gratitude she explains her own unworthiness, and the superior merits of Lady Agatha's claims, whereupon Walderhurst becomes still more startlingly explicit. "I am not a marrying man," he says; "but I must marry, and I like you better than any woman I have ever known. I do not generally like women. I am a selfish man, and I want an unselfish woman."

At these words Emily's soul "quaked with joy," and she drives blissfully back to Marlowe Court with the ruby on her finger. Lady Agatha is also in a tremor of delight. She has just received a letter from home, saying that the languid lover has at length decided in her favor, and has made a tardy offer of his hand. So all goes well, and everybody is happy—except perhaps Miss Brooke and the lovely widow. The Making of a Marchioness is a very nice story. It is also a powerful argument in behalf of that creature, unlovely and unloved—the revolted woman. —*Agnes Repplier.*

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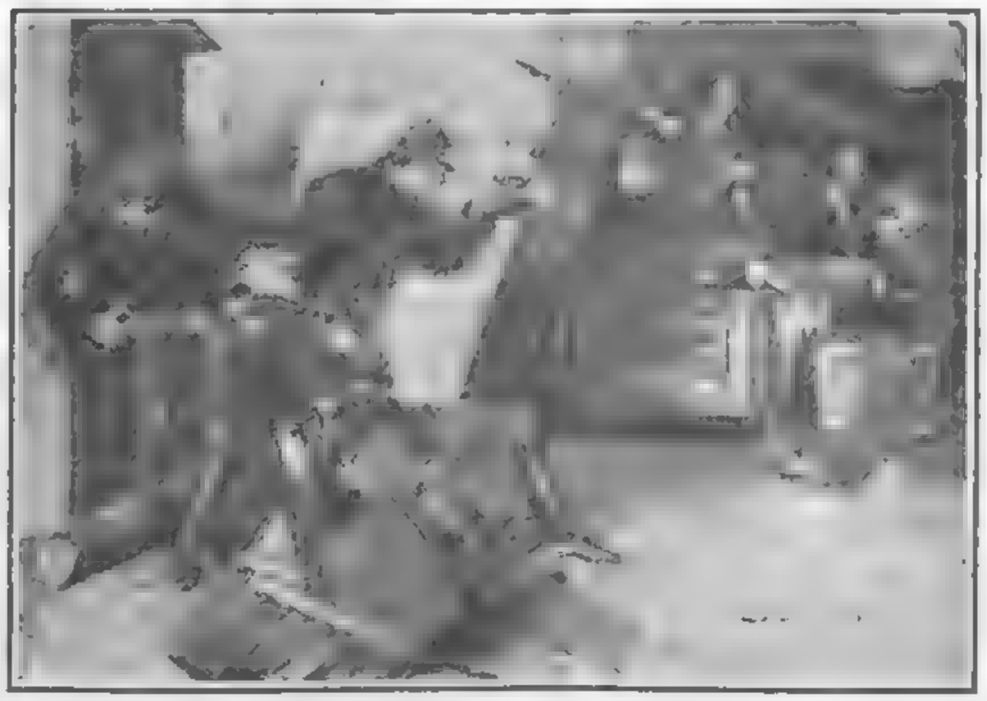

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the powerful influence of women on measures and events affecting the whole nation are here set down with a fidelity to the probable and a confidence in the possible that can come only of intimate acquaintance with the subject, and which tends to compel acceptance of Senator Ingalls' pessimistic assertion that "the purification of politics is an iridescent dream." Yet one cannot read the book and believe that the author agrees with Senator Ingalls—even though he has given us but one unsmirched man in the five stories contained in it and has made his one attractive woman a force for evil in the career of an able and honorable husband. Rather is Mr White an exponent of the Gospel of Things as They Are. As he says in his preface "The politicians are about as honest in their business as storekeepers are in their business, or lawyers are in their business, or bankers or preachers, or day laborers, or farmers, or college professors, are in their own callings." And he finishes with this "That it pays to speak the truth, to be brave, to be kind, to be helpful. And further deponent sayeth not"

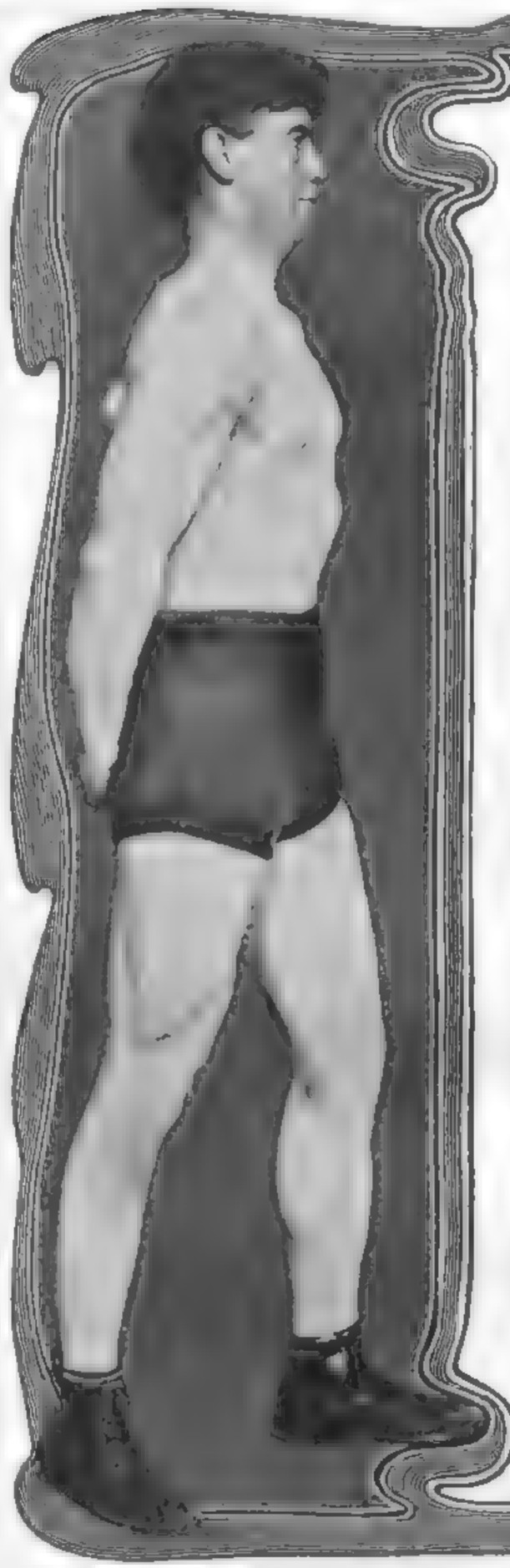
There is one love story in the collection, well conceived and finely written, containing the attractive young woman above referred to. In this the author betrays a knowledge of love-making quite equal to his knowledge of politics; but that he has not learned all the rules of the game is attested by the following speculation: "If the ways of a man with a maid are like the ways of an eagle in the air, and of a serpent on a rock, and of a ship in the midst of the sea—which are too deep for philosophy—who shall even dare to fancy what may be the ways of a maid with a man?" Kipling went a step further in opining that "What you will learn from the yellow and brown will 'elp you a 'eap with the white"

The first story is The Man on Horseback, and it is splendidly dramatic in its climax, but rather spun out. It is of a millionaire corrupter of legislative bodies bargaining with a woman of doubtful past that she shall represent his stricken wife in receiving guests at the funeral of his son—the woman thus gaining prestige and official sanction as a worthy member of society, in return for which she is to secure the good offices of her vote-controlling husband toward the passing of a dishonest bill through the city council The grief and horror of the bereaved mother when compelled to accede are harrowing to the bluntest sensibilities

The next story, A Victory for the People, is good, but not important. It contains a middle-aged lady, well-meaning but rather meddlesome, the wife of a Governor, who by her influence prevents him from appointing a wicked man to the United States Senate There is something in the flavor of her manner which leads one to think that she would have prevented a good man's appointment had she disliked him as greatly. The next, A Triumph's Evidence, is the love story, and, like the last, portrays the power of women in politics. But in the next, The Mercy of Death, and in the last, A Most Lamentable Comedy, the author rises to the level of a novelist of the first order. Both are novels—condensed, but the better for it

In The Mercy of Death there is the story of the rise to wealth and power in national politics of a strong, unscrupulous man—a speculating Senator—and his fall to utter and comprehensive ruin through his over confidence and the machinations of enemies.

A Most Lamentable Comedy is the longest and strongest story in the book. It deserves covers of its own, and will probably do more for the author than his famed What's the Matter with Kansas? It is the account of an ignorant, enthusiastic demagogue, wafted into the State-house on the wave of a farmers' alliance uprising, and contains more of varied human nature than most writers could pack into twice the space allotted it. The best review of this story cannot do it justice, and might well be supplanted by urgent advice to go and read it. —*Morgan Robertson.*



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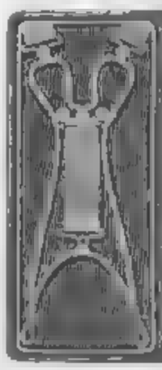

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Extracts from the Diary of a Millionaire

(Continued from Page 11)

our feelings were, too—delicate touch, that, I think—and she smiled. But must be careful not to go too far, even with a duchess

May 27.

Allowed myself to be taken by young FitzPercy to a club where they play bridge for high points. Disapprove of gambling, but like to see young people—and some of them were members of our first families, and others connected with some of the most distinguished operators in the city—enjoying themselves. Besides, am generally lucky at cards. To-night no exception. I laughed gayly as I pocketed the bank notes and remarked that it was pleasant to have a little ready money. Joke not successful; they looked sulky; I hate bad losers.

June 4

Another long talk with the Duchess. We spoke of the charm of old houses, with their beautiful romantic associations. She promised to stay with us at Wedworth. That will please my wife, who is too sensible to be jealous, I'm sure; she knows that men like me can't help attracting women. Duchess said with a sigh that they couldn't afford to live in *their* old place. Do wish she wouldn't harp on their poverty; it makes me a little uncomfortable. I never boast of my wealth. If it were not a duchess, I should say it was vulgar to allude to money. Walking through Curzon Street afterward I saw Bingley, near that abominable Lady Cartley's house. He said he was out for a walk. Should have thought nothing of it, only at dinner Florence let out—by a slip, I could see—that she had been to tea with Lady Cartley. Atrocious conduct, but it seems she is bent on defying her dear mother and me. Now, was it possible that Bingley escorted her there? Don't like to ask questions, but suspicious. I will not have my daughter seen walking with a fellow whom I pay £150 a year

June 5.

By an odd coincidence, Lord Middlewick spoke to me to-day about Florence. He was quite frank. He said that Parley would not be a poor peer, but still advisable that he should marry some one with money; that both himself and Lady Middlewick took to Florence, and that a virtuous attachment would steady Parley in his career at Oxford—he goes there next term with my boy. Nothing definite need be decided, but a good thing if the young people saw something of each other. *Quite* agree. Explained we had asked him to visit us in the summer and he had refused. Lord M. said he could not possibly order him to go—that would defeat the object. But hoped Cuthbert would persuade him. N. B.—He *might* have suggested that we should all stay with him, but did not. Perhaps some reason I know nothing of. Sure we get on well together.

June 6.

Wife written direct to Parley, saying she hoped he would look on Wedworth as a second home, and come and see us in the summer

June 8

Rather cold note from Parley saying he was engaged all the summer. But by *same post* a letter from Cuthbert, saying that Parley had told him he would come if he, Cuthbert, would lend him £100. Never in my life have I met with such barefaced mercenary cynicism. But perhaps the poor fellow is hard pressed. My wife thinks the outlay would be justified. After all, can deduct it from Florence's portion. But it is a vile world. Have sent check to C.

June 13

Went again with FitzPercy to his bridge club. Dined with him first at Savoy. Extravagant dinner, probably wants me to hurry about that directorship or do him some other good turn. As though *I* should be influenced by such a petty consideration. Always suspicious of such hospitality from people who can't afford it. Fear I disregarded my rule of abstentiousness. Luck not with me at bridge this time. Waste of time. Had little money with me, as it happened, and borrowed from FitzPercy to pay.

June 15.

Unpleasant interview with Duchess to-day. Said she was badly in need of my advice.

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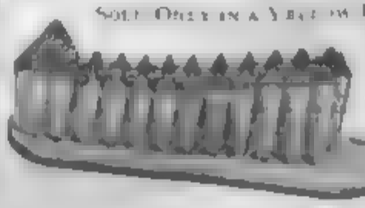

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Begged me not to think she wanted *me* to help her. Then plunged into long story of bills and losses at cards—utterly reckless behavior evidently. I advised her to give up London house for rest of season and go and live at Boulogne or somewhere cheaply. Said she knew the Duke would refuse, and she dared not tell him of her difficulties. Shocking state of things between married couples. Made it impossible for me to offer to help her myself. Explained that. She complained of headache and I went away. I believe she cherishes a secret affection for me, poor woman. But if I am to subsidize all these people, where is it to end? Had better avoid the Duchess for a little; must not let this attachment for me grow too much.

June 24.

FitzPercy reminded me that I owed him fifty pounds which he paid for me in that disreputable club. It is too bad that I should be badgered about such a trifle; and bad taste of FitzPercy when I have half promised this directorship. Paid him, and shall not bother about the directorship.

July 8.

Feel ten years older. Bingley—Bingley!—has had the audacity to tell me that he wants to marry Florence, and Florence abetted him. This is the end of all the care and thought I and my dear wife have lavished on that girl. The brazen impudence of it! A low adventurer—my salaried servant—and my daughter! They both professed not to care about money and spoke in a most cold-blooded way about my position. He had the impudence to tell me that he was a gentleman and hoped to make a decent living in time, and that she was twenty-one and could choose. Could not go on pretending, they said. He resigned his secretaryship and she will wait till he can keep her. My wife had fit of hysterics. Remembered that coincidence of seeing him near Lady Cartley's and her confessing that she had been there. I taxed them with having walked there together. She laughed and said no, but that they'd *met* there several times. Lady Cartley! The scorpion! And that £ too I've sent to Cuthbert for Parley . . . . .

This extract becomes too affecting, and, indeed, I think I have given enough of my friend's diary. His fine taste, his pathetic aspirations after a quieter life, his modesty, his generosity, and all the other qualities which endear him and his like to us all are sufficiently shown. G. S. S.

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Portents of the revolution which has now involved both Venezuela and the United States of Colombia were not wanting, and the Englishman, thinking of the precarious political condition and noting the number of monuments in bronze erected to men who were still living, inquired of the President if it were not somewhat risky to build memorials to living heroes.

"Yes, Señor," replied the President, "but, in case there is a revolution and another party comes into power, these monuments are hurled down and others erected in their places."

"That would seem to be a heavy expense to the state," commented the Englishman.

"True, but honoring our supporters in this manner helps to keep them faithful, and is therefore worth all it costs."

"I should suggest, then, if you will pardon the advice of a stranger, that as a measure of economy you have these statues cast with detachable heads so that, when one of your numerous revolutions occurs, you can simply unscrew the head of the humiliated hero and replace it with that of the conqueror."

"Ah, that would never work," rejoined the President; "they already feel that their heads are none too firmly fixed on their shoulders, and such an arrangement would be entirely too suggestive."

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SOPHOMORES ABROAD

(Continued from Page 13)

were. At least the Mr. Wood I was looking for wasn't. A Mr. Wood did happen to be at one place and left his luncheon to come out and see what I wanted. But he was a very old man with a long white beard—not papa at all—and he looked extremely angry when Berri put a hand on my shoulder and exclaimed: "Child—does nothing tell thee that this is thy father?"

At the end of the first morning we were completely worn out and I don't suppose we had made any impression whatever on the number of hotels. It was then that Berri suggested that we should visit all of London's principal sights by day, and go to restaurants, music halls and theatres in the evening.

"You always run across people most unexpectedly when you do that," he said.

One phase of our situation that struck us both as hard luck was the necessity of buying shirts and pajamas and toilet articles, and all that sort of thing, when somewhere in London we both had more than we needed. Berri fortunately had plenty of money and we were able to make ourselves comparatively comfortable; but it seemed a great waste. When we went to the theatre we had to sit in the "pit," as in the other parts of the house you're expected to wear evening clothes, and we couldn't go quite the length of ordering new dress suits. In restaurants where we dined we were always coldly examined through the most formidable lorgnettes and monocles, which caused me considerable discomfort until Berri said:

"Why, you know, the disapproval of all these walrus-toothed, lank-armed matrons and dull-looking, ox-eyed men doesn't disconcert me in the least. If I didn't own any dress clothes I might feel badly—although I'm not sure. But as I really have some—though Heaven only knows where—the mere wearing of them is a detail."

We would start off in the morning to see something, and although we met in the course of three days about everybody I'd known before in college and out, we never came across our own families. We went to the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Royal Academy, the National Gallery and the British Museum. I'm sure we shouldn't have seen so much of London if we hadn't had this distinctly personal motive in visiting so many places. For Berri very soon tires of looking at things and never forces himself to "see a sight" from the feeling that he may not have another chance. To tell the truth, I don't think it's much of an advantage to go about in Europe with people who've seen everything.

When, for instance, we first went into Westminster Abbey late one afternoon, I thought it was more beautiful than any place I had ever imagined (I think so yet), and after we had been there for a while, looking up at the dim stonework soaring through the twilight, I said so.

"Yes," Berri agreed, "the part of it that has a tendency to make one sit with eyes uplifted in a sort of trance is very beautiful—but it's beautiful, of course, chiefly because it's French. Even the heavy-handed Briton hasn't completely spoiled it; although he's done what he could. From the sublime to— well, to Great Britain's idea of the fitness of things, is only the height of the nave, however. My dear, they've taken an exquisite Gothic poem and turned it into a kind of mortuary junk-shop. Did you ever see anything quite as fearful as all this crowded theatrical statuary? I mean, of course, outside the Campo Santo at Genoa; that, naturally, is always excepted. It isn't the immortal dead I object to; nobody has more genuine reverence for them than I have. It's the ill-advised and hideous distinctions of their immortality that have been drawn—or rather sculptured—that make one wince. As if the Abbey in itself weren't a greater monument than any man, however great, deserves. And besides, a lot of these people—the ones who take up most room in fact—aren't really great at all, and never were; whereas Gladstone" (of course, this involved a prolonged argument as to just how great Gladstone was, which I haven't time to write down)—"Gladstone is given a sort of postage stamp in the pavement that you walk on two or three times before you discover it; and that bust of Tennyson over there looks for all the world like a painless dentist."

The Abbey *is* rather crowded, I admit; yet I maintained that it was impressive to wander about among so much tangible greatness, whereupon Berri exclaimed:

"Do you think Memorial Hall would be any more impressive for a lot of gesticulating gentlemen and highfalutin' angels blowing trumpets?" which, as usual, left me nothing to say.

At the Royal Academy, too, he made me feel for a moment quite as simple and unsophisticated; for you never can tell with Berri just where seriousness leaves off and sarcasm begins. We had turned out of crowded Piccadilly, strolled through the long stone court of Burlington House, climbed the stairs and emerged, first into a kind of rotunda filled with statues, and then into a great room hung with the most interesting-looking paintings. They were so highly colored and new and gay! The whole place, in fact, smelled of fresh paint like a studio, and as I stood there taking it all in before I began to examine in detail, I couldn't help exclaiming:

"Isn't this lovely!"

"Gracious—don't say that; some one might hear you," Berri implored.

"Well, I don't care; it *is* lovely," I answered.

"Lovely? It's dreadful; perfectly dreadful."

"You haven't seen anything yet. How on earth can you tell?" I asked rather peevishly. Berri just stared at me.

"Do you mean to say you didn't know that the Academy is *always* dreadful?" he exclaimed; "and that you actually intend to look at these things?"

"Of course I intend to look at them. Don't you? What did you come for?"

"I? Oh, I came to see the Sargents. I'd rather die than be caught looking at anything else," he declared.

We met, as I said, a great many people we knew—friends of Berri's and friends of mine; and they would all exclaim, after talking for a minute or so about other things:

"Have you been to the Royal Academy? Isn't it dreadful?" Then they would add, as if apologizing for having been there at all: "Of course we only went to see the Sargents."

I could not help agreeing with Berri one evening when he leaned back in his chair and, after gazing at the overdressed people in the wonderful gilt and marble room where we had come to dine, murmured:

"Isn't the world an absurd place?" There was a sort of soft roar of conversation and laughter; the red-shaded candles on the little tables were glowing feverishly and the musicians were playing something from La Vie de Bohème.

"Here are we," Berri added, "two Americans—in England—dining at a thoroughly French restaurant—chiefly for the purpose of hearing a Hungarian orchestra play Italian music. Dear me—how simple modern life is, to be sure!"

We tried a different restaurant every night—every one more gorgeous and expensive than the last; but we never came across papa and mamma, Mildred and Aunt Josephine. Nor did we see them afterward as we sauntered through the solid streets on the way to the theatre, and peered into as many as we could of the hundreds and hundreds of cabs that flashed past us. I shall always think of London as a place where the chief occupation of the male sex seems to be that of "dining out." From half-past six until about half-past eight on summer evenings the West End is a kaleidoscope of hansom cabs, and in every one—leaning slightly forward, with a white-gloved hand resting listlessly upon the apron—sits a tall, stiff, "immaculate" man in evening clothes. Where do they all come from? Where are they all going? One never sees anything like it in New York or Boston; Perugia, of course, doesn't count. And I don't think that in those places one sees anything like the long, long English twilight.

On the third night of our stay at the private hotel, after I had blown out our six little candles and was all drawn up in a knot in my vast bed and just beginning to dream that some one was making me sleep on a snowdrift in the middle of Soldier's Field—Berri called to me from his room.

"Granny," he said, "a great light has dawned on me; I know how to find your family and mine. If we get up early enough we can surprise them at breakfast."

I begged him to tell me how he intended to do it; but he wouldn't. All I could persuade him to say was:

"I should consider myself awfully clever if we hadn't been so hopelessly stupid in not thinking of it before." As I fell asleep again I could hear him still chuckling in his pillow.

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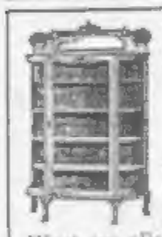

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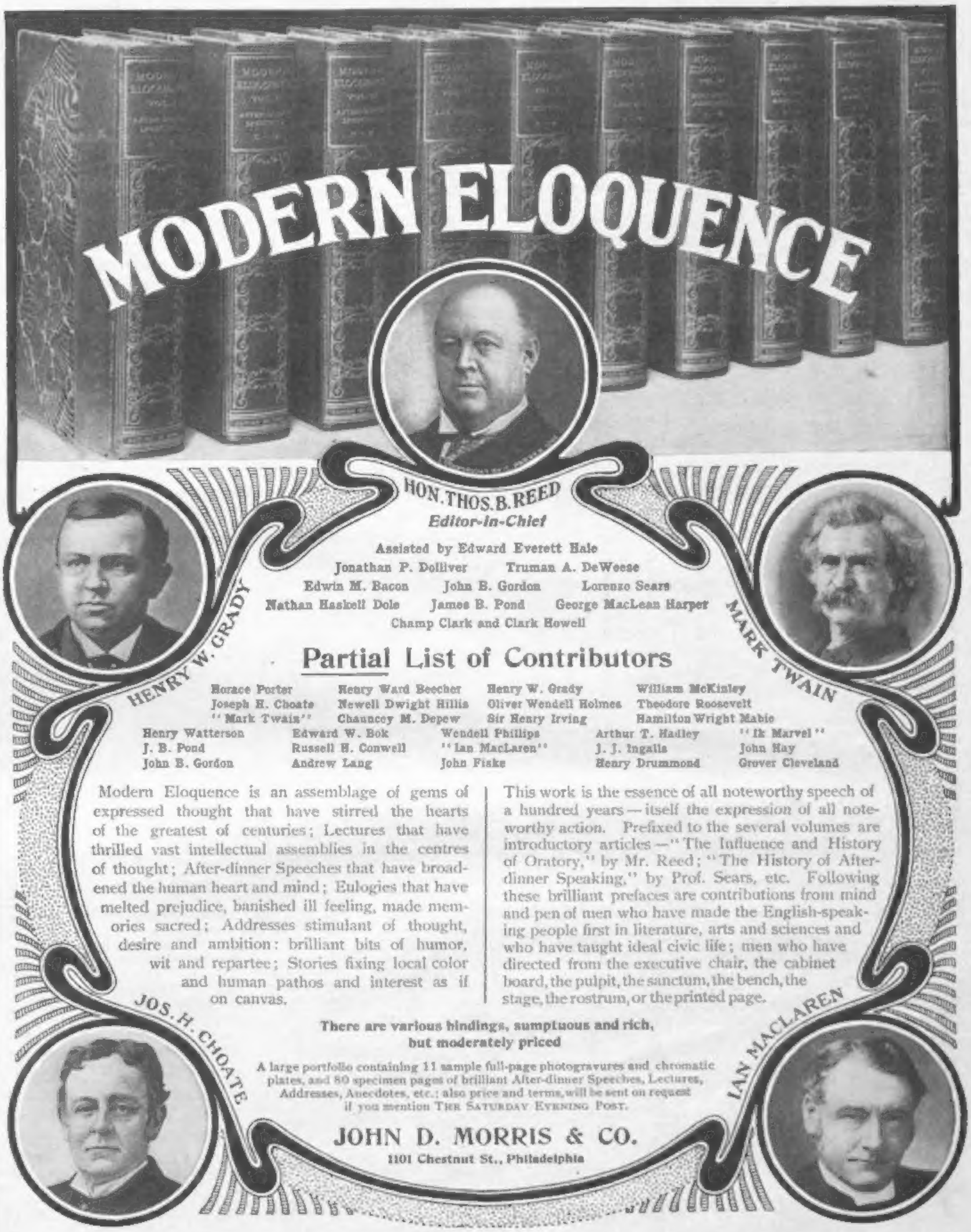
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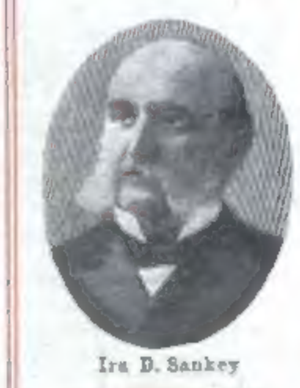

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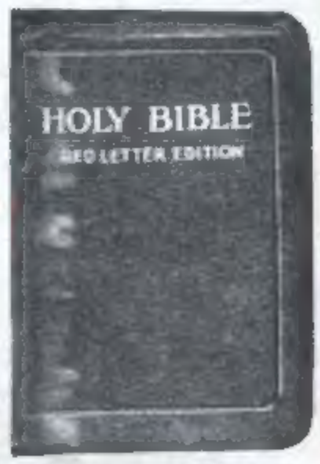

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